Vol. XCVII. No. 1261 ... as a Newspaper.

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The BYSTANDER

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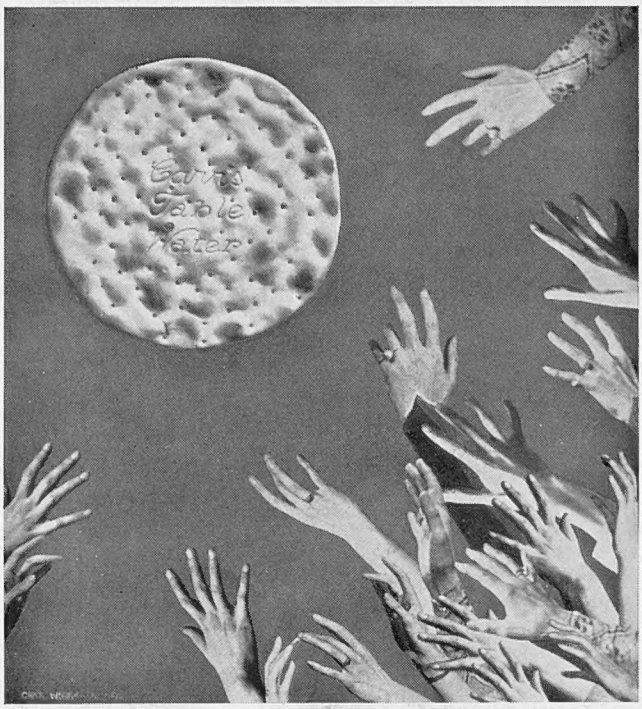

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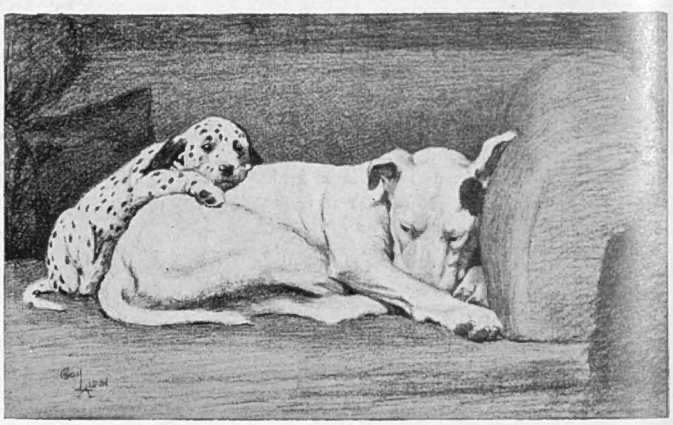

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by
CECIL ALDIN

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The Bystander, March 28, 1928 No. 1267. Vol. XCVII

The BYSTANDER

Specially drawn for "The Bystander" by H. H. Harris

FAMOUS GOLFERS CAUGHT IN THE ACT: No. 4—GEORGE DUNCAN

George Duncan is the "lightning artist" of the Royal and Ancient game, as he makes his stroke almost before the spectators realise it. He is attached to the Wentworth Golf Club

Specially printed and mounted copies of this picture, signed by the artist, can be obtained on application to the Publisher at 7/6 each. Postage 6d. extra.

BY "THE TOUT"

"MARKING THE CARD" FOR THE GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE

Capt. Lowenstein recently acquired Easter Hero from Mr. Frank Barbour, who runs Koko, Billy Barton is Mr. A. Ober, Ballystockart is Capt. R. Sassoon, Sprig is Ted Leader, Thrown In the Hon. H. Grosvenor, Bright's Boy is Mr. Sanford, Master Billie is Mr. W. Parsonage, Bovril III is Mr. Pennington, and the Clerk of the Course is the backbone of Liverpool, Mr. E. A. C. Topham

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

WITH THE IRISH GUARDS

Central News

The Duchess of York inspecting the Irish Guards at Chelsea Barracks on St. Patrick's Day, March 17. After the inspection she distributed "the green" to all ranks

An Arabian Nights Room

I HEAR that the Queen of Afghanistan's sitting-room at Claridge's is almost startling because of its exquisite beauty. It is decorated entirely in blue and silver, with masses of mauve flowers everywhere, and blue hydrangeas. Somebody who was received in it by Queen Souriya told me that when she first entered the room she felt as if she were stepping into a fairy palace in the *Arabian Nights*.

Impressions

I GATHER that of the many impressions the Afghan King and Queen have received since their arrival in London the most profound was the imperial magnificence of the State banquet in their honour at Buckingham Palace. Even people accustomed to such State banquets were impressed by its extra splendour. It certainly was more magnificent than any *Arabian Nights* feast.

Another impression is their greeting by the big crowds wherever they go, and—to them—the unusual sound of continuous cheering.

It is practically impossible for us who are so accustomed to everything we possess in the way of ease of living and movement, and all the wonders of science, to visualise the impression the country makes upon people to whom things we regard as ordinary and everyday are marvels. I understand that King Amanullah and Queen Souriya frequently echo the Queen of Sheba's "The half had not been told me."

Topical

PRINCESS MARY IN EGYPT

Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles photographed on their arrival at Port Said. They are seen here with Said Zulfikar Pasha, the Grand Chamberlain, who represented King Fuad

The Courts

THE announcement that there will be five Courts this year in place of the usual four will bring joy to the hearts of many young *débutantes* and young married women. When the lists for the four Courts are filled a supplemental list is made, and if names get on this list it is always a question whether their owners can attend a Court or be presented. It depends entirely on the numbers summoned to attend at the fours Courts.

The Lord Chamberlain's department makes every effort to include those on the supplemental list, but you can't squeeze more people into Buckingham Palace than the number arranged for each Court. This year, I understand, the supplemental list was so long that there was no possibility of people on it being included in any of the Courts. Hence the

A ROYAL INSPECTION *Topical*

The King of Afghanistan photographed inspecting the Guard of Honour at the R.A.F. School of Technical Training. This is at Halton

extra Court in May and rejoicings amongst those who feared they might not be able to make their curtsy to Majesty this year.

Presence of Mind

THE presence of mind of a police inspector averted what might have been a nasty accident during the driving of the King and Queen from Buckingham Palace when they went to open the new Science Museum in South Kensington last week.

Coming up Constitution Hill one of the Guards escort was thrown, and before it could be stopped his horse dashed on ahead. At Hyde Park Corner several policemen, very pluckily, I thought, tried to stop and catch the animal, which was obviously frightened. But this had the contrary effect, for the animal turned back towards the procession, more frightened still.

"Leave it alone, you fools! Leave it alone!" shouted an inspector. He was promptly obeyed.

The horse then dashed forward into the Park. But for the inspector's presence of mind the horse might have caused a serious mix-up and accident if it had rushed into the procession.

IN PARIS *P. and A.*

Princess Maliha Sultan and her brother, Prince Rhamatoula, the King of Afghanistan's children, photographed in Paris. They are seen with Mme. Tarzi, the Queen of Afghanistan's sister

No Change

THE daughters of light of to-day are full of scorn for the "weak-mindedness" of their Victorian forbears who pinched in their waists at the expense of their health in order to possess the then fashionable wasp-waist. But a considerable number of them are being equally "weak-minded." And for the same reason—the dictate of Fashion.

A well-known West End doctor told me the other day that he is amazed at the growing number of girls, and women of all ages, who come to him suffering from maladies caused by lack of food. They are starving themselves in order either to retain or achieve the fashionable slimness of outline. Naturally, the effects are disastrous.

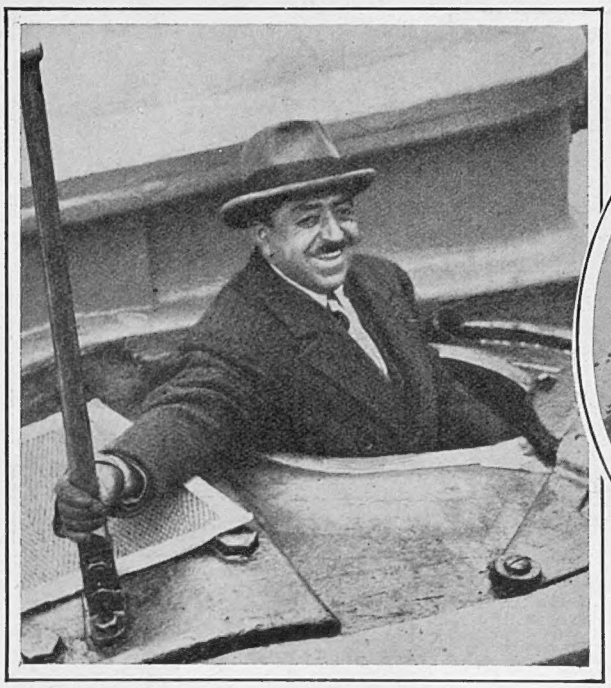
One point, this doctor told me, these fasting women entirely overlook. And that is "reduction" by refusing most of the courses at luncheon or dinner, and existing chiefly on weak tea and dry toast, doesn't affect the body only. It affects the face, neck and arms equally. He said quite young girls who go in for this starvation business are already showing signs of a harvest of wrinkles and "getting necks like a plucked chicken's."

Starvation is indeed a dangerous

G.P.U.

QUEEN SOURIYA

The beautiful Queen of Afghanistan, who has been universally popular during her visit to England. She is seen here wearing her wonderful pearls

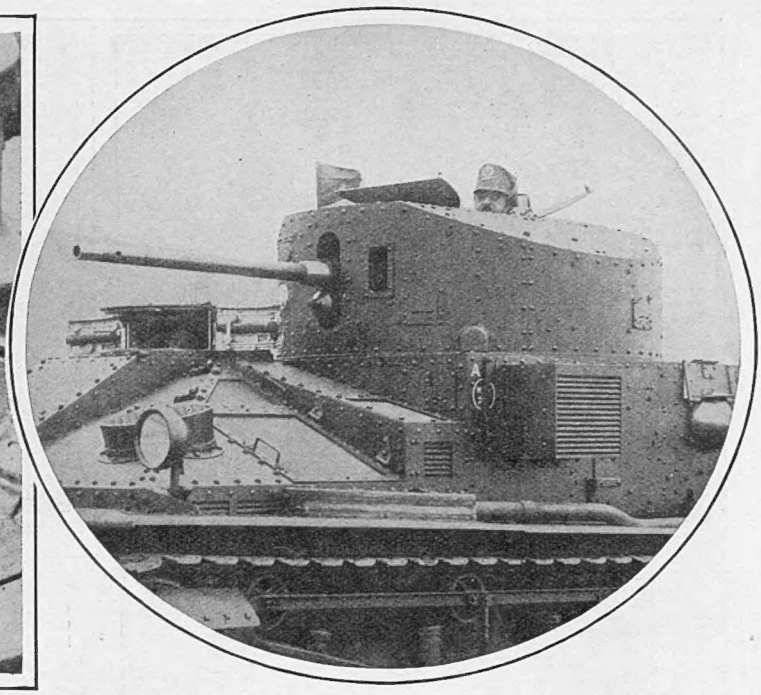


P. and A.

KING AMANULLAH EMERGING FROM A GUN TURRET OF H.M.S. TIGER. THIS WAS AT PORTSMOUTH

KING AMANULLAH "DOES" ENGLAND —BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Some photographs depicting the King of Afghanistan's extensive tour in England, where he has sampled the interests of almost every type of modern invention



Central News

KING AMANULLAH IN A TANK AT LULWORTH, WHERE HE WITNESSED A TANK BATTLE

game. A woman of my acquaintance had an opulent figure with which the fashionable garments of to-day are certainly not in sympathy. She took a course of drastic waters, and for some time lived on two peaches a day. The opulent contours disappeared, plump cheeks became drawn, haggard, and lined. But the female human frame refuses to be supported on two peaches a day. The result is a long-drawn-out illness from pernicious anæmia, with very slight hope of recovery.

So, you see, there's not a particle of difference between the Victorian followers of fashion and their granddaughters of to-day. The first tried to dispose of exuberant figures by squeezing them in stays. The second are trying to do the same thing by not giving those figures enough food.

Socialism and Charity

IF, by some strange whirligig of fate, we became a Socialist State, I wonder what would happen to all the charities? Suppose a Socialist Government decreed that the ownership of capital was illegal. Well, to take one form of charity alone, practically all the hospitals in the country would come under the heading of "capitalist," seeing that they own capital from bequests and legacies.

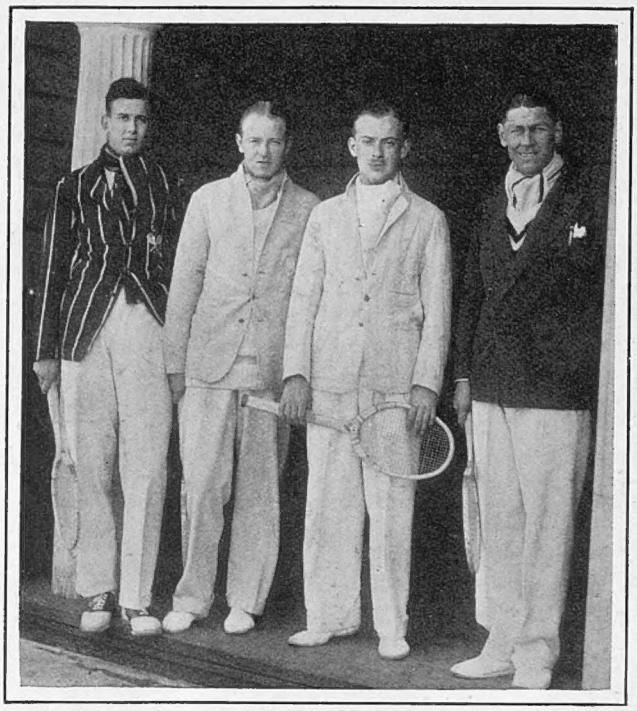
Short of closing the hospitals, any Socialist Government, if it annexed the capital of the hospitals, would have to give them the equivalent income. I wish some of the young women, daughters of well-to-do fathers, who give their services at charity *matinées*, and at the same time breathe and talk hot Socialist fire and flame, would realise that if their theories were carried out there wouldn't be any charities at all.

The odd thing is that you never hear a girl who is earning her own living talk Socialism—at least I never have. But you hear positive Sovietism from girls who have big allowances, a car, and the luxury and comfort of a rich father's house.

It isn't cricket. They take everything they can get from their father's position. They do nothing except amuse themselves, and spend their father's money, yet talk raw, red revolution over a *sole*

I.B.

KING AMANULLAH WATCHING AN AERIAL DISPLAY AT HENDON. HE RECENTLY FLEW OVER LONDON



Sport and General

A TOURNAMENT IN GERMANY

Four players who took part in the International Covered Courts Tennis Tournament at Bremen. They are Van Alen (left), Farquharson, who is to compete for South Africa in the Davis Cup contests, Whitehead, and Andrews

SAFE IN AUSTRALIA *P. and A.*

Capt. Lancaster and Mrs. Keith Miller, who have successfully carried through their flight in a light aeroplane to Port Darwin, Australia. They left Croydon on October 14 last, and were held up on several occasions. Mrs. Miller thus becomes the first woman to fly to Australia

à la Normande at the Berkeley, or during a foxtrot at the Embassy, in twenty- or thirty-guinea frocks for which their dressmaker will have to give them perhaps a year's credit, probably longer.

It isn't cricket, is it, to try to kick your own order down whilst you are getting everything that order can give at your father's expense?

I've burst forth because one meets so many young women nowadays of this type.

Photographs *Photo. Illus.*

G. ILLINGWORTH (Cambridge) R. H. OPPENHEIMER (Oxford)

The two rival skippers in the Varsity Golf battle which has been raging at Prince's, Sandwich, yesterday and to-day (Wednesday). Oppenheimer is at Christ Church, and Illingworth at Trinity

Hackwood Park

THE announcement that the Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston has let her house in Carlton House Terrace carries likewise the information that for this Season London loses one of its most brilliant hostesses. Lady Curzon, I understand, contemplates spending the summer at Hackwood Park, near Basingstoke.

Hackwood was "adorned both within and without" in the middle of the eighteenth century by a Duke of Bolton who created much notoriety by his public *liaison* with Lavinia Fenton, the original Polly Peachum in *The Beggars' Opera*. In England and during their travels on the Continent, a parson was always included in the ducal suite so that he could marry them the moment the Duchess of Bolton died. But the Duchess was so "unconscionably long a-dying" that the parson threw up the post, although a fat plum of preferment was to be his reward for marrying the couple. The Duke, however, did marry his Lavinia three years before his death, and they spent much of their time at Hackwood.

This was the third Duke. The fifth Duke of Bolton left all his property to the husband of his illegitimate daughter, a Mr. Thomas Orde, who assumed the Bolton ducal family's name of Powlett, which is pronounced as if it were written Pawlet. This Mr. Orde-Powlett was created Baron Bolton. His descendant to-day, the fifth Lord Bolton, is the actual owner of Hackwood Park, the late Lord Curzon of Kedleston, I believe, having taken it on lease.

Lord Bolton's only daughter married the Bishop of Kingston-on-Thames; his only sister is the Marchioness of Exeter; and his only son, the Hon. Nigel Orde-Powlett, has just became engaged to Miss Victoria Villiers, a relation of Lord Clarendon and a granddaughter of that famous London cleric, the Rev. Henry Villiers, who was vicar for so many years of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

HOME AGAIN *L.N.A.*

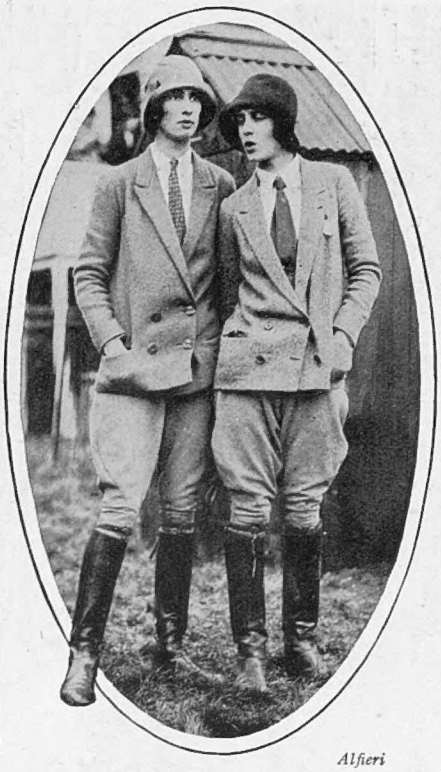
Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude photographed with some important members of the household in the grounds of Redlap, their home near Dartmouth. They returned recently from their honeymoon in the South of France

In Clubland

THERE is a persistent rumour that the Bachelors' Club may join the Wellington, but the rumour does not go so far as to suggest which of the two houses will be the home of the united clubs — if the unification happens. The ladies' annexe at the

Sport and General

LORD BLANDFORD AND LADY WODEHOUSE



Alfieri

THE MISSES NANCY AND PEGGY WARD

Sport and General

LADY PATRICIA WARD (left), LADY EDNAM, AND COLONEL SIDNEY GREEN

Wellington—one of the first London clubs to arrange a separate suite of rooms for women guests of its members—is far more spacious than that at the Bachelors'. The determining factor, therefore, may be in the annexe.

Secretaries and committees of some of the oldest clubs are faced with a disconcerting effect of modern existence. Formerly, a candidate's name was put down for some of the more exclusive clubs when he was at school—the waiting list was so long. Now, I doubt if there is a single club in the West End which has a waiting list.

What with the restaurants, tea and dinner dances, cabarets and night clubs after the play, our young men of to-day have practically no need of a club. This is proved by the fact that each year candidates under thirty grow smaller and smaller in number. So small, in fact, that one club has abolished its entrance fee of thirty guineas for all elected candidates under thirty.

But in some clubs the membership is being steadily maintained, and that by men over thirty. Does this suggest that men over thirty, growing weary of perpetual music with their meals, of jazz and dancing wherever they go, are turning to the kindly and capacious comfort of the club armchair?

The New Badminton Champion

In our issue of March 14 a photograph of Mrs. A. D. Stocks was published with the statement that she was the Badminton Ladies' Singles Champion. We regret that this was incorrect, as, although Mrs. Stocks beat the holder, the Championship was eventually won by Mrs. R. C. Tragett.

THE MELTON HUNT 'CHASES

Above and in the lower right-hand photograph are seen some of those who participated in the Melton Hunt Steeplechases. These were held recently at Burton Lazars

Sport and General

MISS D. E. MANN THOMSON

Sport and General

MRS. Y. BROOKE TAKING THE LAST FENCE ON HUSTLER, THE WINNER

AT BANNER HILL

Two of the competitors in the Ladies' Adjacent Hunt Race at the North Warwickshire Hunt Point-to-Point. It was won by Mr. D. Thwaites's Hustler

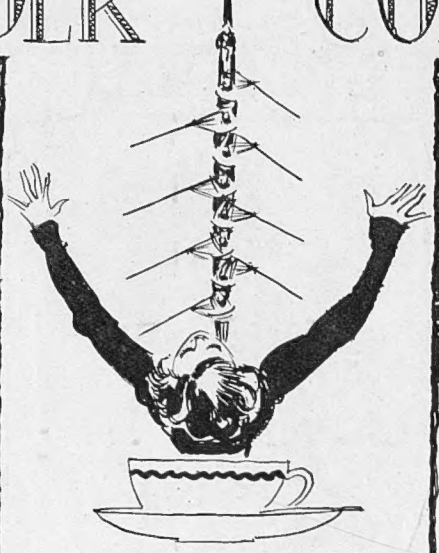
Alfieri

LADY HELEN STEWART

The May Ball

On Wednesday, May 9, a ball will be held at 54, Mount Street, W., in aid of the Extension Appeal of the South London Hospital for Women. The tickets, which cost 3 guineas each, double tickets 5 guineas, and blocks of six £15, include champagne supper and buffet and cabaret. Money is urgently needed for this hospital, of which Her Majesty the Queen is President, and tickets may be obtained from the Secretary, The May Ball, Byron House, 7, St. James's Street, W.1.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

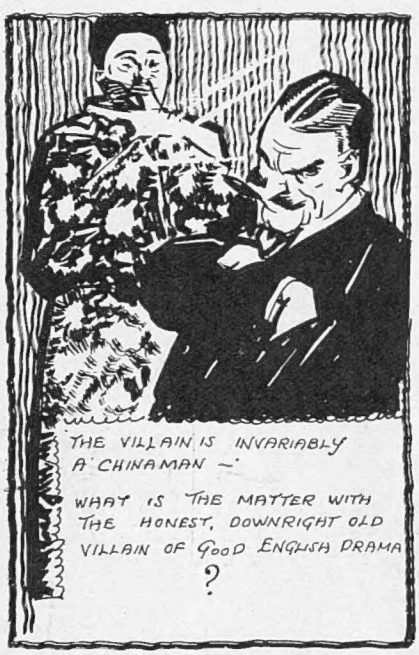


Lions and Lambs

WOULD you say that March came in like a lion and went out like a lamb? I'm sure I don't know. This March now passing has given us one of the most dashing selections of assorted weathers I ever remember. It has exposed for our delight every variety, from soft Spring sunshine to Arctic blizzards, and it has still three days left in which to hand out a really good earthquake. Zoologically speaking, it has not been so much a lion or a lamb as a full-blown ornithorhynchus.

Said He, Indignantly

I CAN just hear March muttering to himself as he kicks the doormat on his way out: "Well, thank goodness, that's over! I've done my best. I've given them a bit of everything. I've been a perfect general store. But, bless you, they don't know what they want. They never do. They don't like wind or hail or sleet or fog or snow; and even when I go to the trouble of borrowing three or four perfectly good summer days for them they're not satisfied. Well, I'm going, thank goodness; and if they think they'll get any better treatment from a highly-strung, hysterical female like April, they're welcome!" Exit, banging the door with a clatter that loosens all the chimney-pots.



What of the Blues?

BY Saturday tea-time we shall all know by exactly how many lengths the Light Blues have won the Boat Race. At least, that is what a Cambridge friend tells me. He says he doesn't like to mention the size of the winning margin beforehand. He is essentially a kind-hearted man (he says), and doesn't want to hurt anyone's feelings. May I say, gently and without any desire to cause a riot, that I hope he is jolly well mistaken?

The Silver Lining

WE are all partisans, more or less. My baker has been Oxford since the time of C. B. Fry. The gentleman who brings my coal has been Cambridge all his life. "Back 'em at everything, I would," he says. "Rowing, cricket, or shove'a'penny. Got to back your colours, 'aven't you?" But somehow I feel that of recent years the Dark Blues have been rather under a cloud in the sporting world, and that a thumping win on the river for them would please good sportsmen. A long succession of triumphs spells monotony for the victors. A long tale of disasters for the vanquished breeds that horrid thing, the inferiority complex. And so I hope that on Saturday Oxford will find a silver lining to their cloud.

The Little Man

IT is, I think, a peculiarly English habit of mind that we should always show our sympathy towards the little man or the fellow who has struck a patch of bad luck. I remember last summer pointing out to a Yorkshireman that his county could not hope to win the Cricket Championship every year. "Oh," he retorted, with that genial truculence which is your Yorkshireman's greatest charm, "*and why not?*"

The English Spirit

BUT that, I submit, is not quite the English spirit. We are, most of us, reluctant to be on the side of the big battalions. We are delighted when some lowly, struggling Third Division club battles its way towards the dizzy

heights of the Soccer Semi-Finals. We love to see Glamorgan beating Surrey or Middlesex by an innings. We even waded into a rather hefty scrimmage not so long ago to help a plucky little team called Belgium. This feeling, it seems to me, is the quintessence of sportsmanship.

The Yellow Peril

I AM rather perturbed about what the critics might call "certain subversive tendencies" in modern drama. We must have our blood-and-thunder plays, and no one can prevent us. Right! For our thrillers we must have villains. Right again! First-class stage villainy is an excellent thing. But have you noticed that in practically all the shocker plays now running the villain is almost invariably a Chinaman? He is a sound enough villain as Orientals go, bland, almond-eyed, sinister. He preserves all his old propensities (in Bill Nye's historic phrase)

"For ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain."

But, frankly, I am a little tired of him.

Support Home Industries

VILLAINY (on the stage) is an honourable profession. Why should all the best jobs go to foreigners? "We are ruined" (to quote Bill Nye again) "by Chinese cheap labour." What is the matter with the honest, downright old villain of good English melodrama? There was a man for you! His spats, his cigarette-case, his ferocious moustache, his Machiavellian smile which drew appreciative hisses from the old Lyceum gallery—where are they now? He "was not up to small deceits or petty sinful games." No. If he pushed the hero under the express or tied the heroine to the circular saw, he did it like a gentleman. And his name was Jasper. Take away your sleek Oriental schemers and give us our Jasper once again.

In the Right Direction

BUT perhaps, in the fervour of my patriotism, I have spoken too soon. The cause of British crimes for British criminals is not entirely dead. Already we have witnessed the resurrection of the engaging gentleman who murdered Maria Marten in the Red Barn. And now Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street—a man after my own heart—is in our midst, performing his fell work nightly. It is a sign of a welcome and healthy revival. More power to it!

The Weaker Sex

WOMEN need not be offended at Lord Birkenhead's dictum that they are of no great account as writers. Why argue? In any case, writing is an art of very little intrinsic importance. The wife of any novelist will tell you that writing is, at best, a rather frivolous waste of time. Why (women are entitled to ask) shouldn't men, if they wish, excel in the second-rate and unimportant art of letters? Women have something more important to do. When it comes to swimming Channels, winning tennis championships, and interviewing refractory cooks, then we see at a glance which is the sterner sex.

THE "GRAND INTERNATIONAL"—RAMSAY'S ZEBRA! By David Wilson

RACING NOTIONS

THE GRAND NATIONAL

By "CARBINE"

LADY HELEN McCALMONT

The wife of Major Dermot McCalmont, M.F.H. She is the owner of Amberwave, a well-fancied horse for the National

What a Race!

CYNICS may say that one Grand National is very much like another, but I am puzzled to recall a more fascinating situation than that which will confront us at Aintree on Friday. Let me point out several of the things which go to make the great steeplechase of exceptional interest this time. In the first place, we have in the field the three horses who fought out an exciting finish twelve months ago. Whether Sprig, Bovril III and Bright's Boy are relatively as good as they were then is a problem with which students of recent form are earnestly grappling. In the second place, the race takes a strong international interest by reason of the presence in the field of horses from France and the United States.

Photographs *Poole, Waterford*

AMBERWAVE'S RIDER

Mr. John O'Brien, who is riding Lady Helen McCalmont's Amberwave in the National. He is a nephew of the famous cricketer Sir "Tim" O'Brien, and is an Hon. Whip of the Kilkenny Hounds

French Competitors

I DO not think the home division have a great deal to fear from their American antagonists, but the French competitors possess genuine class. So much The Coyote showed last summer when he won the Grand Steeplechase at Auteuil, and so much Maguelonne demonstrated when finishing second to Koko in the four-mile steeplechase at Hurst Park recently. Bear in mind that this was her first appearance in public over the English fences. The young French mare is unquestionably a most accomplished jumper and stayer. Another feature of the Grand National will be the appearance in the field for the first time of Easter Hero, who is to be accompanied by his equally brilliant stable companion Koko. The fact that Capt. Alfred Loewenstein, the Belgian millionaire, has recently purchased Easter Hero for £7,000 and a contingency of a further £3,000 if the horse wins the Grand National indicates the high value which is nowadays placed on first-class steeplechasers.

A Brilliant 'Chaser

DURING the past year Easter Hero has accomplished most effectively everything he has been called upon to do in public. His reputation is not merely confined to the park courses. He has twice made his appearance in minor steeplechases at Aintree, proving successful each time. He will, in my opinion, be well served by jockeyship on Friday, for although P. Powell may not ride so artistic a finish as some of his contemporaries, I am convinced he is the right type of horseman for the Liverpool country. It will be strange if Koko should beat Easter Hero in the Grand National after the much-discussed sale of the younger horse; yet we have to be prepared for the possibility of that occurrence. Nothing could have been much more brilliant than the style in which Koko carried top-weight to victory in the long race at Hurst Park. That result was the more dramatic in view of the fact that we had seen the horse burst a small blood-vessel at Cheltenham only a few days previously. There is just a chance that this trouble may recur when he competes at Liverpool, which is one of the reasons why I think it will be safer to depend on Easter Hero.

Notable Runners

UNTIL two or three weeks ago my impression was that Bright's Boy would win this race. Twice he has been third in the Grand National, which resembles the record of Cloister and other horses who eventually carried off the premier prize of steeplechasing. I am bound to confess, however, that I have been disappointed with the latest performances of Bright's Boy. Perhaps I am wrong in setting too much store on what the horse has been doing on short courses, but there certainly has been nothing to show that he is as good as he was at this time last year. It is a long time since North Country people were so confident about a Grand National candidate as they are about Trump Card on this occasion. In Yorkshire they are on him almost to a man. Certainly it is difficult to advance any definite reasons why Trump Card should not prevail. In make and shape he is the right sort of horse for the job, and his success in the Grand Sefton last autumn was convincing enough. While he is one of those who must be seriously reckoned with, I question whether he possesses the genuine brilliancy which I am sure Easter Hero has. Another formidable candidate is Amberwave, unlucky last year when carried out of the course about a mile from home. I do not think any the worse of him for his failure at Hurst Park.

My Selection

THE large field will make conditions difficult, but we must hope for the best with regard to the horses we fancy. My selection is **Easter Hero,** and if he is beaten it may be by **Koko.** These two horses have proved themselves the most brilliant performers of the season, and I shall be disappointed if their merits are not confirmed at Aintree. With the exception of the scratching of Fohanaun, there have been no startling changes up to the time of writing in connection with the Lincolnshire Handicap. From the first I have regarded **The Mohawk** as the best handicapped horse in the entry, and I can see no reason for losing faith in his prospects of success at this late hour.

A FANCIED FIVE FOR THE NATIONAL

There are, perhaps, few tasks more difficult than that of prophesying correctly the winner of the Grand National, but it is fairly safe to say that one or more of the five horses on this page will be well to the fore at Aintree. They have all given good accounts of themselves and are strongly fancied in various quarters

MR. F. BARBOUR'S KOKO
Trained by T. Pardy

MR. W. PARSONAGE'S MASTER BILLIE
Trained by Capt. Whitaker

CAPT. A. LOEWENSTEIN'S EASTER HERO
Trained by T. Pardy

Photographs

MRS. PARTRIDGE'S SPRIG
Trained by Leader

Rotch

MR. S. SANFORD'S BRIGHT'S BOY
Trained by Leader

In the Light Blues' Boat

R. G. MICHELL (Bow) R. A. SYMONDS (No. 7) T. E. LETCHWORTH (Stroke) J. B. COLLINS (No. 6)
M. N. ALDOUS (No. 2) J. C. HOLCROFT (No. 5), R. BEESLY (No. 4)
M. H. WARRINER (No. 3) A. L. SULLEY (Cox)

The Cambridge Crew caught by our artist not a hundred miles from the towpath at Putney. The three Old Blues in the Boat this year are Letchworth, Holcroft, and Beesly

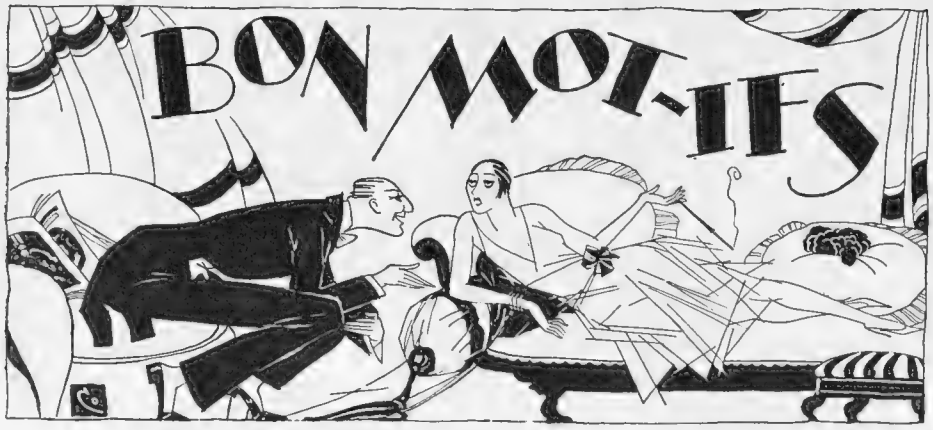
The Oxford Eight in Battle Array

BY HYNES

H. C. MORPHETT (No. 4), N. E. WHITING (No. 3), W. S. LLEWELLYN (Stroke), P. W. MURRAY-THREIPLAND (No. 7)

T. W. SHAW (No. 2)
M. C. GRAHAM (Bow), G. M. BRANDER (No. 5)
G. F. GODBER No. 6)
SIR JAMES CROFT (Cox)

The Oxford Eight who will represent their University in the Boat Race next Saturday morning. Shaw, Whiting, Murray-Threipland, and Croft are the Old Blues



By HARTLEY CARRICK

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"I went to a Government Department, and was insolently received by a clerk in a revolving chair." But that is the usual attitude of the Swivel Service.

. . . . . .

A TEXAS cowboy, endeavouring to break in a broncho, was thrown thirteen times before he obtained the mastery. He must have been fearfully "bucked."

. . . . . .

A DRAMATIC critic assures us that the prevalence of crime plays will leave London drama in the soup. In other words, too many crooks spoil the broth.

. . . . . .

AN extra fashion note:—Knuts' trousers will continue to be turned down, and flappers' noses will be turned up.

. . . . . .

"THE game is wholly scientific," a contemporary remarks in a chess note.

We also remark that his remark is a chess-nut.

. . . . . .

"DONNEZ-MOI du fromage."

"Oui, m'sieu; un morceau?"

"No; make it more so!"

. . . . . .

THE famous boxer Dempsey declares that he is a believer in astrology. Perhaps his encounter with Tunney convinced him about the necessity of seeing stars.

. . . . . .

"DADDY," asked Doris, "do foxes go to heaven?"

"No, dear," replied her hunting sire, "they prefer to go to earth!"

. . . . . .

"LAST night," remarked a Cockney bridge player, "I 'eld a wonderful 'and; I 'ad an 'undred ices."

"Cold comfort," replied his friend, "but, with your sort of hand, what a waiter you'd make!"

. . . . . .

THE provisions of an overdue barque, which arrived last week at the Docks, consisted of a bag of mouldy bread, and mity cheese. The crew therefore had only the choice of two weevils.

. . . . . .

THERE is an inn in Norfolk called "The Ebb and Flow." We venture on the supposition that it must be a "tide" house.

. . . . . .

HE had backed three winners in one afternoon, and, to celebrate the fact, rang up his bookmaker.

"What's the matter?" asked the busy layer of odds.

"Well," remarked the joyful punter, in the best accent of the telephone operator, "I'm sorry you've been trebled!"

. . . . . .

WHO was the gentleman who so believed in the efficacy of prayer that he besought the intervention of rain, and then had his house washed away?

. . . . . .

"I WISH," said the Club bore, "that one of you chaps would give me a cure for insomnia."

"Have you ever," remarked one of his victims, "tried talking to yourself?"

. . . . . .

"JUST look at the way that fellow's waist turns in!"

"Extraordinary! He must be a descendant of one of those concave men."

. . . . . .

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT is alleged to have said that he has an utter ignorance as to the merits of the rival boat race crews. We go further, and say that his is the h'eight of ignorance.

. . . . . .

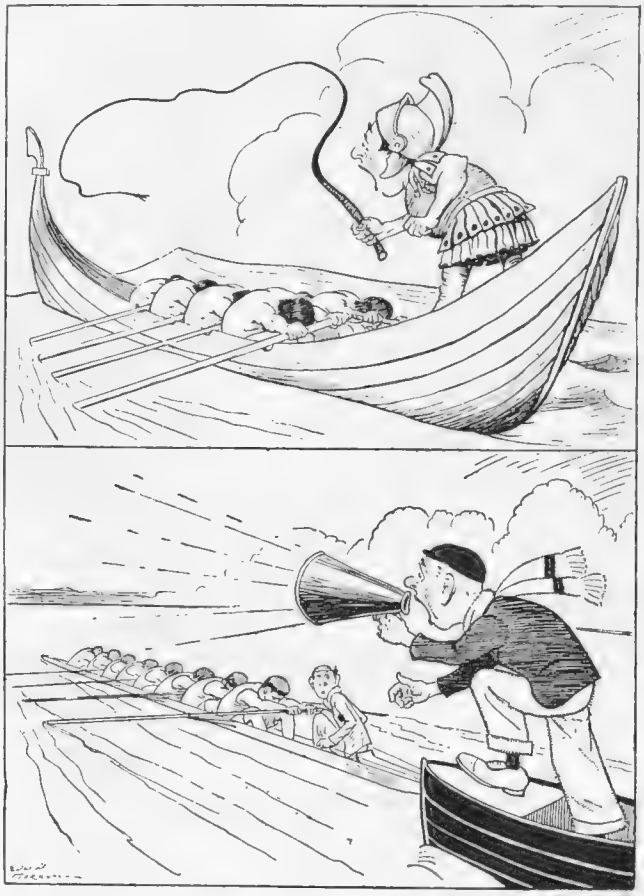
SAID her Cockney *fiancé:*
"I sy, Jin,
Could you do with a
mouthful of dry gin?"
Quoth Jinny, "I think
It's a horrible drink,
Though I thank you for
being obligin'."

. . . . . .

A SKETCH entitled "Veal" is to be introduced to the patrons of a London variety theatre. There should be a welcome for *veau de ville* in Vaudeville.

. . . . . .

WE are told that W. S. Gilbert got most of the ideas of his operas while he was travelling about. Certainly most of the plots of his plays are based on a little change of heir.



By EDWIN MORROW

UNDER THE LASH
Ancient and Modern

The Blue-stocking

BY STARR WOOD

GOVERNESS: "Can you tell me what composes the air we breathe?"
PUPIL: "Yes. Oxygen and Cambridgen"

The Riviera Week by Week

By DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

One of the most successful festivals of the whole season was the Fête Venetienne at Menton. It would be difficult to find a more picturesque setting for a nocturnal event of this kind than the Bay of Garavan, with the tall buildings of the quaint old town rising above the shore and the mountains along the Italian frontier forming a splendid background for the scene. It was a clear, starry night, and the general illuminations had been carried out on a grand scale, and made a marvellous picture. The old port was outlined with festoons of electric lights; villas by the hundred, some of them perched on the hillside in isolated positions, were brilliantly lit up; bonfires blazed along the distant summits, while the searchlights of three battleships provided the finishing touch. Everyone was delighted, and is hoping that this may become an annual event.

The International Regatta at Cannes has been fully up to all expectations, and the sight of as many as forty racing yachts sailing in the bay on a sunny morning with a light breeze has attracted large crowds to the Croisette and to the terrace of the Cercle Nautique. There was an interesting yachting luncheon party at the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs a few days ago, when blue and white were the only colours the guests were allowed to wear, and one entered the reserved section of the restaurant through a giant lifebuoy, while huge fishing nets, sea-shells, and other equally appropriate decorations covered the walls, and blue and white flowers adorned the tables. There have been various other banquets for the benefit of the yachting fraternity, and it is high time our harbour was considerably enlarged if the popularity of Cannes as the "Cowes of the Mediterranean" continues to grow at the present rate.

Sport and General

TENNIS AT NICE

Four of the competitors in the recent South of France Tennis Championships at Nice. Mrs. Endicott and Mrs. Corbière (left), America with Mlle. Marjollet and Mlle. Martin (France), whom they defeated in the semi-final

Topical

COMING ASHORE AT CANNES

Mrs. Ernest McKenna and Mrs. Reginald McKenna photographed leaving the Cutty Sark in Cannes Harbour. This was during the International Regatta week

Lady Mary Ward is staying with the Earl and Countess of Derby, who for once are missing the Grand National, while the King of Sweden is on a visit to Margaret Lady Waterlow at the Villa Monterey, and taking part in the International tournament at the Cannes Lawn Tennis Club. The Marquess of Huntly, looking as distinguished and as erect as ever in spite of his eighty-one years, is staying at the Hôtel des Anglais with the Marchioness and Mr. Arthur Bradley Campbell, and I hear he is at work on a new volume of reminiscences which promises to be as fascinating as his previous book, "Milestones." He and Lady Huntly were lunching at the Villa Mariposa a few days ago with their friends Prince and Princess Christian of Hesse, and among the other guests were the Crown Prince of Karpurthala, Princess Hatzfeldt, Princess Amedée de Broglie, Grace Lady Newborough, Count Wachtmeister, a former Swedish Minister to Egypt, and Countess Wachtmeister, Wing-Commander Smyth-Pigott, our Air Attaché in Paris, and Lady Clare Smyth-Pigott, who is a daughter of the Earl of Denbigh, Commander Philip de Crespigny, R.N., and Lady Bateman.

D. W. T.

AT BORDIGHERA

A group taken at Bordighera during the Tennis Tournament. Miss Millais (left), Mrs. Millais, the Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur Greer, and Lady Greer

A Playground for Children

Swings, see-saws, real Mediterranean sand, they make a perfect playground for the children at the Cap Martin Hotel. The kiddies pass from pebbled path, from flower bed and cactus-bordered walk to open space and freedom, to their very own domain. Here, in their playground, bathed in perpetual sunshine, they roam and play, disturbing none, disturbed by none. They fall and jump, and tumble, to their heart's content. No broken bones and no soiled clothes result, as layers of soft, clean sand protect them from harm. There is no dust, no noise of motor cars, but only the enchanting rhythm of the waves, mixed with the joyous shout of happy youngsters as bodies move and lungs expand in unfettered play, inhaling the healthy salt sea air.

"A Marriage has been Arranged"

Lafayette

Fox

An engagement of more than ordinary interest is that of Miss Joan Dunn and Mr. Hubert Duggan. Miss Dunn, who, with her twin sister, Kathleen, is well known in Society, is the third daughter of Sir James Dunn and Gertrude Lady Dunn. Her fiancé, who is the younger son of the late Mr. Alfred Duggan and the Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston, is in the Life Guards

AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

THE YELLOW MASK

Produced at the Carlton Theatre February 8, 1928. Transferred to His Majesty's Theatre March 26, 1928

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THIS is melodrama in the grand manner with timbrels and dances. Incidentally, it is the second play of its kind recently produced to show the Celestial Chinaman as a crafty and cold-blooded murderer. A refreshing feature of the entertainment is a complete and reliable recipe for the theft of the Crown Jewels from the Tower of London, in case there should be a new Colonel Blood among us anxious to embark on that very arduous enterprise. We begin with a scene which is a very creditable reproduction of the Traitor's Gate, which, as Artemus Ward once said, is wide enough to admit as many as twenty traitors abreast. We are back in the old times, and Sir Amyas Carn is on his way to execution, although he was, in his prime, the adventurer who added the Yangtse Diamond to the coruscating gems of the Royal crown.

IT is this diamond, now guarded with the other jewels by a descendant of the decapitated Carn, that causes most of the excitement of this musical play. We observe with the natural contrition of offenders who have been found out, that the diamond was originally stolen from Pekin, or thereabouts. And centuries later a Chinese potentate, Li-San, visits London ostensibly for ordinary diplomatic purposes, but really to organise a secret move for the recovery of the famous jewel. In his pay is the fair Sylvia Main, who appears to be the dear friend of Ralph Carn (half-brother of the hero), who was drummed out of the Army, and is obviously a man fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils, as the Bard has it.

CAPTAIN JOHN CARN, of the Berwick Guards, at present quartered at the Tower, is more or less affianced to Mary Bannister, and the course of his true love runs with agreeable smoothness till Li-San arrives on the scene and decides that he must and will possess the lovely young girl. But the first business before the meeting is the recovery of the famous diamond. Captain John Carn is put out of action temporarily while the thieves carry off their treasure, but he recovers in time to engage his half-brother (Mr. Reginald Tate) in a brisk sword fight, with the result that Ralph Carn is grievously skewered, and never smiles again. But in spite of the happy ending to this sad family difference, the famous jewel is still missing, and Captain John, who was responsible for its safe custody, sets out to chase it.

AS it happens the good ship *Rootan* has just set sail for China with all the company on board, including Mary Bannister, whose father is some kind of Resident in those very yellow parts. And while the passengers are dancing merrily in the Winter Garden of the ship, news comes that there is a seaplane overhead. A moment later the gallant Captain John Carn drops from the sky to the deck of the steamer, having been lowered from a seaplane travelling at half-cock, as it were. In former days of the drama, once a mail steamer had got a good start it could not be overtaken, but we live in swifter times, and the old canons relating to the unities of time and place will need to be relentlessly overhauled.

THREE months later we are at the residence of Mary's father, Sir Henry Bannister, and all is ready for Mary's wedding with Captain John Carn. In most musical comedies this

Stage Photo Co.

IN SPANISH MOOD

Molly Vane (Winnie Collins) and Sam Slider (Bobby Howes) give an exhibition of the tango. Sam is a private detective and Molly a school teacher, but it is marvellous what a Spanish hat can do

is the beginning of the happy ending, but here it is merely where the robust excitement starts off the mark. The oleaginous Li-San steps forward with a polite request that Mary and her father will honour him by taking a parting glass, which proves to have been very considerably doped, and Mary and daddy fall down unconscious. When Mary wakes again she finds herself in Li-San's private prison, where he once more comes to offer her his hand and heart. There are, no doubt, many ways of winning a lady's affection that I have not heard of,

Stage Photo Co.

A RATHER PUBLIC PERFORMANCE

Captain Carn (Wilfred Temple) eschews privacy for his wooing of Mary Bannister (Phyllis Dare). The interested audience consists of Ah-Song (Frank Cochrane), who seems to be making somewhat of ah song about it (!), Sir Henry Bannister (Frank Adair), and Bertie Bannister (David Hutcheson)

and I freely admit that the method of shutting her up in a dark and mouldy underground dungeon is a new one to me.

MARY'S friends, in desperation, appeal for protection to the Dowager Empress herself, and this gives rise to a very dainty and graceful scene. The "Daughter of Heaven" is played with quite charming dignity by Miss Mona Jenkins, who delivers her judgment in clearly spoken phrases, and then sings a little bit of overtime just to remind us that this is still a musical comedy. The Empress also is good enough to lend the family her private executioner, a huge negro with a gleaming scimitar, so that we get a very fair idea of what is coming to the sinful Li-San.

THE last Act takes place in Li-San's Yamen. In case any reader should be unfamiliar with the Chinese language, I may say that a Yamen is the palace of a Mandarin. It is amid scenes of barbaric splendour that the cumulative agony is piled up. Mr. Wilfred Temple and Miss Phyllis Dare as the hero and heroine sing nicely about love and kisses in the intervals of escaping from dire peril by sea and land. They have also a pleasing duet entitled "Half-a-kiss," though I never could understand fractions. Integers have always been good enough for me. Miss Dare sings with her usual perfection, and one of her dances, in which she is assisted by a well-drilled chorus, is a revelation in undulating femininity. The ladies dip and sway in unison to present the illusion of a rolling sea, and the imitation is so good that it seems to me that one of these evenings some sensitive person, who does not happen to be a good sailor, will be surprised into calling feebly for the steward.

A STALWART prop of the entertainment is Mr. Bobby Howes as a Private Detective. Mr. Howes brings a great deal of originality into his exposition of musical comedy humour, and his songs and dances are in the highest degree amusing. "The Yellow Mask" dance by a full company of ladies is an imposing combination of artificial ugliness and natural beauty, and the mounting of the production is both elaborate and tasteful. *The Yellow Mask* is deservedly one of the attractions of Town. JINGLE.

RUGGER REFLECTIONS

A RECORD

By PENDARVES

TWENTY-FIVE thousand people sitting down: thirty-five thousand people standing up: the sun shining warmly: the bands playing: the King walking between the lines of players: the fiftieth Rugger contest between the countries: twenty wins for Scotland: twenty for England, nine draws—surely a record occasion!

For months we had been waiting for these eighty minutes: for weeks we had been searching every known avenue for possible tickets: for hours thousands of us had been standing patiently, expectantly in the sunshine—waiting for this moment: for hours a ceaseless stream of cars had slid out of London, Twickenham-bound: all the night before thousands of Scotsmen, and Scottish women, had travelled from the far north to be here. . . And here we all were—at last: a wonderful, unforgettable moment for every one of us.

A record in many ways was that day. Twickenham had never had so many people inside its gates—the doors were shut against all but ticket holders an hour before the kick-off. And to crown it all England in this its Jubilee Match succeeded in beating all its International rivals this season, including the redoubtable Waratahs. It was a record also for sheer palsied excitement. The most hardened of us, who see every big game, felt as limp as wet rags at the end of it: the dynamic force of that great crowd seemed to drain one of all vitality. You could see the effect of it upon the faces of thousands as they streamed away, slowly, from the ground: the populace was played to a standstill.

Sport and General

THE KING AT TWICKENHAM

His Majesty photographed with Mr. T. H. Vile, the referee, and R. Cove-Smith, the England captain. This was "Tommy" Vile's last big game, as he is retiring from International refereeing this season

Further photographs of the game appear on pages 620 and 621

There had been 80 minutes of acute suspense—and we had all suffered it.

What the thirty chosen men suffered, only they can tell: probably not a tenth of what we did, though to them was the heat and burden of that gargantuan battle, without mercy and without pause. To them it must have been one long blur of sinew-straining effort: one crisis after another: one body-crashing fall after another—and a fearful reaction of mind and body at the end of it all. But we felt agonisingly and with the terrible frequency of a nerve exposed tooth those perilous mistakes that are an inevitable part of an England-Scotland fight. Miskicks, dangerous interceptions, fumbles that give the enemy a gift for a dropped goal, a faulty pass that lets the other fellow clean away, the ball bouncing the wrong way—we had all of these tortures, and more. Three times did Drysdale, for example, have a clear, clean drop at our goal—and during each of those moments our hearts literally ceased to function.

Odds may have been slightly in favour of England all through the preceding week: indeed, misguided men in London were laying 3 to 1: it is *never* 3 to 1 on either side when these two Rugger countries meet. But when the great game had been in progress for five minutes any sound judge could have seen that anything might happen—it was anybody's match.

It was not, I think, until the second half began, with England merely 3 points up, to nil, that the ascendancy of our magnificent forwards really became obvious. Then one began to see that the English pack was beating the Scottish at the very type of aggression at which the Scottish so excel on the big occasion—the loose rushes. Not only were we getting the ball three times out of the scrum to the Scotsmen's once, but we were wearing them out in the loose. If this went on, unless we cracked, there could be only one end to it—victory. But the Scots are dour fighters: they are never finished with: brave as lions: impervious to face and body hammering: all hanging on by their eyelids as it were, back and back again they came. This CAN'T last—something is bound to happen soon. And it did. . . .

Arthur Young did it, for England. Genius will out and, frankly, it was a stroke of genius that put the 1928 game beyond doubt. All the afternoon had this excellent little scrum-half been whipping the ball out to Laird, with what to Jimmy Nelson must have seemed heartbreaking frequency. There was a scrum on the edge of their twenty-five: our ball. I saw Young move sideways and take a quick glance at the Scottish wing forward to see if he was really shoving. He was. Thereupon, knowing Young, one said to oneself, "he's going off on his own." And he did. In act to sling it out to Laird, with Nelson flinging down upon him, he dodges under his adversary's clutching arms and is away! Hanley, our forward, who played superbly throughout, was up for the pass. Young reaches Drysdale—slips the ball to Hanley, whose pace and dash carries him over; and the Stands seem to rock with the roar of it: sporting Scots as well as English, for it was a grand piece of play.

That was the end, to all intents and purposes, of a very great and a very perfect day.

Leading Rugger Clubs

BY MAC

No. 20.—PLYMOUTH ALBION

Plymouth Albion is a great nursery for the famous "West Country forward," and this season provides three of them for the English pack, J. Hanley, E. Stanbury, and R. Sparkes. Hanley scored England's second try in the great Calcutta Cup duel at Twickenham this year

NIGHT LIGHTS

By
E P. LEIGH-BENNETT

Illustrations by
HOWARD K. ELCOCK

No. XVI—
THE COST OF IT

"There is a lot of Scottish money behind our night life"

A cynic at large says next morning, "Is it worth it?" Nobody, of course, feels thus at 8 p.m. of a London night, when the lilac glare of the West End is athwart the sky and the cars and taxis are drawn towards it irresistibly, as driftwood towards a river sluice—and we hungrily expectant inside them: for sufficient to the night is the bubbly enchantment of it. But it is interesting to get the Italian School off their guard and on to a few figures of cost sometimes. A Master of the Italian art of *Restauration* sat opposite me in the small hours of a day recently, when even the band had yawned itself away to bed because its public had gone home, and our eggs and bacon were sizzling on a gas stove hard by: and he leant an elbow on a very heavy cash box, and with the other hand added up some figures for my edification—and possibly yours.

It was then that I realised with a startling suddenness what a very complete knowledge the Italian School has of the night industry, out of which they become so affluent; some of them in so short a time. For he laid bare to me with a gold pencil on a half sheet of notepaper the approximate seating capacity of all the smart dance clubs and restaurants in the neighbourhood, with their approximate average takings, and the roughly calculated "overheads" of most of them: and as I watched him I was filled with a great amazement.

A storm of contumely and denial would descend upon me if I were to give details of these figures, which two other Masters have since checked and confirmed, so one must deal in generalities for the sake of peace and goodwill amongst men. But if you can visualise the twenty-one leading places of the moment, you may take it that there are patronising them on six ordinary nights out of the seven—Gala Nights excluded, when you can treble everything—a total of about two thousand diners and/or suppers: and that they spend *per capita* an average of about twenty-eight and sixpence. That is to say, £2,850 per night, or twelve thousand people per week spending £17,100 during that week in the first-class restaurants and dance clubs of London. Not bad going: and it is a very conservative estimate. Still, the equivalent of two million pounds sterling is spent *every day* on cosmetics by women in America: and that strikes me as a much more harmful figure!

Most of these places are, as to their setting and appurtenances, extremely beautiful. Some of them, on the other hand, have once been definitely the coal hole. And it is when you have to descend to the latter at 12 noon next day, because your lady *thinks* her wrist watch *may* have dropped off here, that the awful tawdriness of our modern night amusement is laid bare. The crude, bilious blue of the walls: the sordid "left-over" atmosphere: the vitiated air: the pathetic wail of a band rehearsing to an audience of rather dirty dust sheets—it is then that you ask yourself "Why do we do it?" There is no sound answer.

But some of the Italian School are there, making up their books, even at noon, having got to bed, out Hampstead way, at six this morning, and yesterday morning. One of them asks you to honour him by lunching in a friend's restaurant round the corner: and because he is at heart a great gentleman it is a privilege to do so. Most instructive is it to lunch with a Master in another Master's "place." How differently the waiters behave: a visible tremor seems to sweep over their faces: instantly everything is keyed up: pride and a possible future job is at stake. The food arrives cooked quite differently (*you* never eat it like this): a word has been whispered through the kitchen. It is then you learn, they show you with their own hands, what a wide gulf is fixed between the Italian and the English waiters' method of placing a fork on a tablecloth. You learn that the English waiter objects to being harshly dealt with by the customer (you are secretly delighted to hear it), but that the Italian suffers it without even a change of features: how, when there is a Cup Tie on, the Master is invariably eight or ten English waiters short for the Saturday luncheon tables (this pleases you enormously, too!), whereas the Italian contingent is always at full muster: and how the Labour Party has "got nasty" about "all these foreigners," and are taking steps to see that Englishmen get an equal chance of winning through at the waiter's job if they want to. As well

(*Continued on page 612*)

OLGA TSCHECHOWA AS HERSELF AND (above) IN A SCENE FROM THE FILM

HIGH LIGHTS OF "MOULIN ROUGE"

Olga Tschechowa and Eve Gray are two of the stars in "Moulin Rouge," the new British production which is being shown at the Tivoli. The film has been produced by Mr. E. A. Dupont, and is regarded as an outstanding example of the new spirit in British film-making

EVE GRAY, WHO PLAYS A LEADING PART

(Continued from page 610)

may the Labour Party try to grasp the moon: for the Britisher in the main will *never* shine at waiting upon other people's needs in restaurants.

Going back to finance for a moment: we are prone sometimes to be carried away into fantastic thoughts about these restaurant profits when, for instance, we learn that one well-known dance club "took" during the last two months £27,453, compared with £20,428 in January and February of 1927. What we very seldom hear, however, is what they have to *pay out*. That this particular place during the first two months of the year had to pay a fee to its orchestra of £1,885, or £11,310 per annum: and that another small item of outgoings was £85 in commission to the chef during those eight weeks of dinners and suppers. Assuming that this particular dance club is closed for the usual six weeks in the summer, its earnings, on the present basis, would approximate £150,000 by the end of the year: which means several hundred pounds per square foot of dance floor.

"Why does she so love this stuffed, vapid, stiffly uncompromising doll?"

But it won't. It is having its run for the moment: but in a few months' time—it may be a few weeks—some other place will have suddenly caught the popular fancy, and down will go the nightly takings at the former rendezvous as suddenly as a barometer before a typhoon. There was once a place which opened with a tremendous fanfare of advertorial trumpets, and was going to make every other restaurant look like a railway refreshment room. It got together a super band on a long contract. It is still having to pay its *chef d'orchestre* a stupendous sum per annum: and I dare wager that to-day it would be very glad to get rid of this incubus about its heavily burdened shoulders. And yet another which opened at about the same time. It is now in the market for disposal. There is no clamorous bidding for it, because the rent alone is £4,000 a year "before you start," as a Master, who might have taken it over but now won't, said to me yesterday.

Instructive also is it to watch the human fallibility emerging from every pore, so to speak, of the Italian Master when he thinks he has at last struck a good thing. How, with a potentially large and affluent *clientèle* ready to follow him when he gets his own place, he departs from the bondage of other masters, having found an American or a Scotsman to put up the money (there is a lot of Scottish money behind our night life), and gets busy on his own. Servile and diffident are mild words to describe his attitude towards the new potential *clientèle*—and incidentally towards the Press—during the few weeks preceding and following his "Opening Night." The public swarms in because he has got something new to show it: success is assured: the Press has been "too kind—and if only my poor Italian heart could express to you . . .": retirement to beloved Italy and indolence looms into the foreground of his thoughts: a section of society which ought to know better hypnotises him with honeyed words. Then the change in the manner of the man is as marked as it is rapid. Whereas a year ago he would have bowed low before a Peeress and been incoherent in his pleasure at the sight of her patronage; now, in the hey-day of his own ephemeral fame, he looks at her familiarly in the face and forgets to remove the cigar from his mouth. He places his hands in his pockets before clients, and his personal animosity towards particular individuals before the general good of the business. His head, in fact, has swollen to an unwieldy size and yet he feels no pain from it. That he will, and grieviously, is as inevitable as is the lipstick in the vanity bag. For if there is one thing the tolerant London public never forgives, it is rudeness from foreigners who are taking its money. It will say nothing: but it will drift away.

Meanwhile, cost what it may or may not, we continue to go out to dinner, driven to it by the cult of the cocktail. And on a Gala Night, or night of semi-, cleverly engineered, gala, we go out and get a doll. At least, *they* do. And amid all that one learns of men, and a little of women, under these lights at night, here and there and everywhere, one small matter remains as mysterious as the Sphinx. Why does she so love this stuffed, vapid, stiffly uncompromising doll? How is it that the receipt of this lifeless puppet in her hands can alter the whole manner of her speech towards you, the very inflection of her voice, her propinquity or otherwise in the ultimate taxi? Is it that, cold-eyed and worldly and *blasée* as she is, this baby doll stirs the fire of the lovely maternal instinct lying latent in every woman's heart? Or is it, perhaps, that they serve so admirably to decorate the sitting-room of the flat, propped on sofa backs against walls, staring out from odd corners here and there and everywhere: convincing evidence, breaking down all feminine scepticism that the owner has been here and there and everywhere under the lights, at night?

I don't know: does any man know? Will any woman tell him? Not she.

E. P. L.-B.

BY DOROTHY M. MORGAN

A CHOICE PIECE

"GONE A

To judge by the number of entries, writes Mr. Gilbert Holiday, the army of the stout-hearted is on the increase—a healthy sign in
was £8,000, and if certain statistics are to be believed there will be a field of 50 starters. Anyhow, an unprecedented crowd may
the first time round, may be reckoned as one of the eliminating obstacles, after which the course is left clear for the really fit ho
at the first fence—vide the Prince of

This picture is to be published separately by the Sporting Galleries, 32,

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

AGROUND"

in these motoring days. One result is that the 1st prize money will touch the big figure of £11,000 or thereabouts, last year it y be looked for after a big boiling down from entries to starters. The water jump (the subject of the above impression), taken only horses. Any hard and fast statement, however, turns to nonsense in the case of the "National"—where the best horse may "come it" of Wales's tip last year "Thrown In"

2, King Street, Covent Garden, from whom all particulars can be obtained.

FOR REPUTATION AND QUALITY THEY ARE STILL UNRIVALLED

50 TIN
2/6

100 TIN
4/10

— For men and women with WILLS of their own —
WILLS' "Gold Flake"—the guaranteed All-Virginia Cigarette

The GRAND NATIONAL

(AN IMPRESSION)

By DELL LEIGH

Illustration by HOWARD K. ELCOCK

As with all dramatic spectacles, a view telescopically from a height is most impressive. So come with me to the top of the County Stand at Aintree and gaze down upon it all. Early must you be there, for these are coveted places—on a fine day unprocurable for money or love to the casual late-comer. The 1.30 and 2 o'clock races have flashed past the post: mere appetisers for the supreme dish now about to be served. There is a perceptible pause, as there are generally pauses, pregnant with illimitable possibility, on the edge of great happenings.

As far as eye can see stretch the uncountable heads of the people, all moving slightly, a vast cauldron at boiling point. From the pit below rises the roar of the odds from the throats of the bookmaking fraternity. Every man and woman of this colossal ants' nest of shifting, busy humanity has a fancy: and ninety-nine per cent. of them have had a bet upon it, or are about to have a bet, or, anxiety gripping them, are wishing they had not had a bet, but are hoping for the best while fearing the worst. Not one-tenth of the people can see the jumps; fewer still the horses when they come out—it matters not one iota—great deeds of man and horse are toward. They are there: it is enough.

Now the runners' numbers have gone up on the boards. The sing-song of the fraternity rises in crescendo notes. There is a distinctly feverish stir in the crowds. Presently the gay silk of a jockey appears—a thousand heads are turned sharply towards the paddock gates. And then they pass out in long, rainbow-hued parade to our entranced gaze. Observe the faces of the riders as they walk their splendid horses past the stands. The most dangerous race that was ever ridden is about to be essayed again. Some of the jockeys grin merrily at friends on the rails; others chat unconcernedly with the boy at the horse's head. Some are tense to the great test already, and droop glumly on the saddle. The old hands at the game, who have been over these fearful fences before, look steadfastly ahead, calmly confident in themselves and their mounts. Back they all come at a smart, leg-stretching canter; a long, multi-coloured ribbon of silk flung past us. "*E-a-s-y,* m' gel" . . . "*S-t-e-a-d-y,* boy." . . . Slowed down, cavorting, pirouetting, sliding into crowded line at the tapes. . . . THEY'RE OFF!

The deep muttering of the watching thousands is blanketed down suddenly to a taut silence. Everyone is struck dumb by acute, agonised watching. If you are in the midst of the crowd and can only see what your stature allows, which is little enough, the progress of the race is conveyed to you obscurely in staccato shouts from all round you as fence after fence takes its toll. You gather confusedly the trend of the tragedy. *Is your horse up?* That is all that matters. Oh! is it UP? Or has it gone from the race—like those others? Babel is let loose all round and about. You crane, tip-toed, neck-aching, peering, hoping, fearing—until the end. . . .

But fix strained eyes to glasses from the roof of a stand, and, fence by fence, the whole exciting business is unfolded. A perfect start—the usual over-zealous rush for the first jump, led by Exe, Wye, and Zed, with the cavalcade close up behind. Only one horse down—Zed. Bad luck—a gallant soldier rides him. The next fence, and two safe jumpers are down—Hyphon and Double Tee. . . . And then the falls are frequent—the gaily-coloured ribbon is losing some of its breadth. Well-placed animals now are Alphabet, Grammar, Phrases, and Printer's Error—seventeen horses are still up as the water jump is reached, which marks the half distance. Away they go into the country again. Alphabet leads now, with Printer's Error second (he has been jumping some of his fences sideways and lost ground, but has caught up), and Grammar third. It is anyone's race—the ribbon has worn very thin—only nine horses left now—WHICH?

If you want acute excitement of another kind, soon over but terribly dramatic while it lasts, stand on the far side of any of the big jumps, where you can see nothing that is coming—you can only hear. . . . Upon the expectant silence breaks the dull thud of hoofs. They are coming, closer, closer—A-H-H! They seem to cleave the sky above you—Z-R-I-PP! C-R-A-SH. A bit of the coloured ribbon flicked across your startled face—huge horses straining madly—Z-O-O-MP! Down, and away they go out of sight. . . . Except three, who squirm, a seemingly tangled heap of men and horses upon the green ground. Two loose horses struggle to their feet, are up and away, too—glassy-eyed, riderless, but game to the end. Their jockeys rise slowly and lurch dazedly towards the rails. . . .

The Grand National as a spectacle of crowds, and as a social assembly, is unsurpassed in the sporting calendar of Britain. Once seen, it is never forgotten. And it ought to be seen at least once by every sportsman, for the wonder of it and the thrill of it will live in his memory for long years afterwards.

The Mantelpiece Club

Illustrations by LEO CHENEY

An eminent person, now deceased, once adjured a certain sweet maid (identity not established) to do noble deeds, not dream them all day long, thus making life, if I remember the passage correctly, one Grand Sweet Song. From this view the ordinary person will dissent with vigour. Life, he will tell me, even in these days of continuous broadcasting programmes, is not one grand, sweet song. Not even the most hardened musical critic, I shall be told, could stand it if it were. Settled bliss is given to few. Happiness for most is a matter of moments; the moment of clearing that brushwood fence, of rocketing round the last bend of the Cresta, of first seeing the blue sea from the Croisette, of bucketing over a muddy line with that ruffianly full-back clinging to your heels. That is how you ordinary people, if I may without offence describe you, see Life.

But we others, we of the Mantelpiece Club, have a serener viewpoint. We are not convinced that the proverbial honest man, as such, is creation's noblest work. We maintain that the fairest sight for mortal eye is that of a good round man ensconced upon a good round club chair, his slippered feet anchored upon a mantelpiece of English oak. We maintain that only from this angle—and, my lords and gentlemen, I use the word *angle* deliberately—can a man see life steadily and see it whole

And for these reasons. A man with his feet upon a mantelpiece is a good man, a man of natural dignity, broad outlook and kindly disposition. Conservative to the core, he can afford to regard subversive doctrines with good-natured contempt. The meaner vices are outside his ken. Spite, malice, envy are unthinkable, for how shall a man whose feet have attained the summit of human bliss, an oaken mantelpiece, descend to envy the petty seekers after wealth and fame? His are the qualities of the English oak on which his slippers rest; stability, calmness and tranquil repose. He smokes a mellow tobacco in an old briar pipe. His drink is a particular brand of old tawny port. He is a noble figure, an aristocrat to his slipper-tips.

Consider the matter historically. Would not this world we live in have been a fairer, brighter place if men of goodwill throughout the ages had stuck to their mantelpieces, instead of rushing about the earth, causing trouble? Show me a man who never placed his feet upon a mantelpiece and I will show you a bad man. There were no marble mantelpieces in Nero's palace. And we all know what that led to. Suppose for a moment that when Lady Macbeth had called to see her husband about that little affair of the dagger, she had discovered him, sitting in the ingle, his tartan slippers halfway up the chimney. Do you think she could have persuaded him to commit a regrettable action? The suggestion is absurd. Your regicide fanatics of the French Revolution, were they mantelpiece-men? Never a one of them. No doubt they regarded the mantelpiece as the last bulwark of aristocracy. And rightly so.

"His drink is a particular brand of old tawny port"

Is my case proved? I challenge you to produce any of our leading burglars, our better-known embezzlers, our more distinguished forgers or shop-lifters. One and all, they bear the same stamp. Not one of them has ever felt the lure of the mantelpiece. In the bosom of even the most talented criminal lurks a spirit of unrest, entirely foreign to the placid equanimity of the mantelpiece-man. In a word, the criminal is a criminal because he lacks balance, and balance—mental, physical, spiritual—is the supreme quality of the mantelpiece-lover. Try it yourself.

Most of the members of our club are either bachelors or widowers. It is not that we are misogynistic in outlook; we merely feel that, in the crucial matters of life, the woman's viewpoint is frankly incompatible with our own. Few women possess the mantelpiece-mind. We make no complaint. We simply note the fact with regret. Wives have been known to object to their husbands' use of a mantelpiece in the correct way. In a progressive country, such as America, you could probably obtain a divorce from that sort of woman on the grounds of mental cruelty, but it seems a little hard if a freeborn Englishman may not enjoy his mantelpiece, the glorious heritage for which his sires have bled, without suffering exile upon an alien shore. Thus, while we do not insist upon celibacy in our members, we think they should have more respect for their principles than to marry a woman of that type.

Our motto, as you might have supposed, is "Hearths of Oak." Our aim is not the pursuit of happiness. There is a hint of fussiness and vulgarity about the word "pursuit." It is the duty of Happiness—and indeed her privilege—to come to us. Waiter, place the tobacco-jar six inches nearer my right hand. And bring me a large glass of Club port. A holy silence broods over me. I am lost in contemplation of my slippers, securely planted eight inches above the level of my head. The wings of peace brush softly. I have found my Nirvana. And, if anyone calls, I am engaged upon work of national importance and not to be disturbed.

From Our Portrait Gallery

Lafayette

THE HON. JOAN GRANT

The only daughter of Lord and Lady Strathspey, and cousin of the Countess of Seafield. She was presented at Court last season

A SCRAMBLE ON THE TOUCH-LINE DURING THE FIRST HALF

THE ROSE
versus
THE THISTLE
AT
TWICKENHAM

England won back the Calcutta Cup at Twickenham by 6 points to nil before a record crowd of over 60,000 people. This was the 50th encounter between Scotland and England and proved a grim struggle. An account of the game by Pendarves is to be found on page 608

Photographs

ENGLAND'S FIRST TRY. LAIRD DIVES OVER THE LINE

Sport and General

TUCKER THE ENGLISH HOOKER, GETS AWAY IN THE LOOSE

THE ENGLISH FIFTEEN

THE SCOTTISH FIFTEEN

Photographs A GOOD TACKLE BY SCOTLAND, WITH LAIRD, THE ENGLISH FLY-HALF, COMING UP TO TAKE A PASS *Sport and General*

A Dancing Trio in the Limelight

Bertram Park

AT THE KIT-CAT

Jean Myrio, Dasha, and Leon Barte, the three famous and popular dancers who are now entertaining London at the Kit-Cat Restaurant. They are seen here posed in a particularly graceful group

"'Zese pearl,' she said . . . 'They are ver' valuable'"

AT THE SIGN OF THE LITTLE RED RAT

By C. HEDLEY BARKER

Illustration by BERT WILSON

BIZARRE as it may sound, dear friends, there is a door not far from Piccadilly on which you may knock inexpertly and receive no answer, though you know that one waits behind that door. Knock, however, with circumspection, with knowledge; with, to be precise, three sharp taps, and the door shall open, amazingly, of its own accord. At least, so it seems, for the one who waits behind is not visible. I omitted to mention, by the way, that a countersign is required. "Who killed Cock Robin?" asks he who waits behind the door, and the answer is "Big Black Rat."

Just a quaint fancy, that's all. The name of the club is "The Little Red Rat," and its patrons have the notion to be devious and secret. Initiation into the club of "The Little Red Rat" is a process both gorgeous and complicated, and each member has to swear a solemn oath not to divulge by word or deed the existence of the club to a non-member without the consent of a quorum. A mere whim. This sort of thing amuses the members, and it serves to keep their club exclusive.

"The Little Red Rat" is a night-club of the most expensive kind. The charges are superlative. But so are the food, the wines, the service, and the ladies. If, by any chance, you penetrated into the inner fastness of this club, you would find yourself hob-nobbing with Cabinet Ministers, with Magnates, with Literary Lions, with, in short, persons, if not of the gentlest breeding, of the highest eminence. And the reason for this concentration of the major stars was largely Zélie.

Zélie was a very beautiful woman indeed, and to her beauty was added a very cunning charm that went subtly to men's heads like, say, the fumes of Green Chartreuse. Green Chartreuse—just that green were Zélie's eyes, with a tawny dash of old brandy in them at night. She was a creature of a thousand seductions, and a complete mistress in the art of mere movement, by which I mean that she could stir the senses with no more than a lift of her finger. As for her body, I would describe that in terms of steel, for she was supple as a rapier, strong as a sword, and deadly, on occasion, as the kris of the Malay. Yes, a very puissant lady, armed with eyes, and lips—weapons which have before to-day overthrown kings and armies. Ask Lord Monksford. He knows.

Zélie was a dancer, and there was genius in the stamp of her foot, in the curve of her slim hips. Men scarcely breathed whilst she danced, and women allowed themselves tolerance. She was at this time only on the point of becoming a rage—had not come into her own, either artistically or financially. She had been discovered in a Montmartre café by Karl, the fat proprietor of "The Little Red Rat," and as he talked in scores of pounds instead of francs, Zélie shook the dust of ungrateful Paris from her dainty heels. She came, saw, and conquered with one stupendous dance which she was pleased to call *"Le Cafard."* A famous novelist wrote in his most chastely limpid style an appreciation of Zélie on the spot. A peer gravely drank from her shoe. London, or that part of it which most mattered, was at her feet.

The peer in question was Lord Monksford. He was, to use a vulgarism, completely knocked. "Aphrodite," he insisted, "was a hag compared with this rosebud. The smile that launched a thousand ships never revealed teeth so pearlily miraculous as Zélie's, nor curved lips so coral-red, so seductive. And, her eyes . . . 'full of gentle salutations and soft responses, like the last low accents of an expiring saint.'

(All rights strictly reserved)

Look your fill, Bagshaw. I dare swear you'll never see her match in all the earth."

"Yes, very decorative, an' all that, dear old boy," said Bagshaw. "But, go easy, Monksford, go easy. The horseleech," he murmured, "hath two daughters, crying give, give."

His lordship frowned, and made answer: "You always were a damned cynic, Bagshaw."

"And every day," said Bagshaw, "justifies the attitude. This place is fuggy. I'm going for a breath of fresh air. Coming? Or —? "

Bagshaw allowed his eyes to rest on the dancer, then on the peer's significantly. Lord Monksford flushed. "Damn you, Bagshaw! " he muttered.

"Walk softly," whispered Bagshaw. "One hair of a woman can draw more than a hundred pair of oxen. G'bye! "

Lord Monksford was vastly relieved to be rid of the mordant Bagshaw. He looked around him, and was pleasantly aware that a hundred pairs of eyes, whilst seeming to look elsewhere, covertly observed him. The recent demise of his aged parent had made him a multi-millionaire, and a multi-millionaire is always an object of interest. Three tables away sat Zélie. She had heard of him; had heard of his vast wealth, his great generosity. At that moment, whilst smiling her secret smile on the enraptured peer, she was revolving in her mind the subject of fuses, and electric light, bracketed with the name of André Moran, to whom she was talking. A very slick and suave young man, that André.

"André, *mio,*" said Zélie. And put her thoughts into words. Then she rose and joined Lord Monksford.

"M'sieu," she lisped, "is lonely, *n'est-ce pas?* "

"And Mademoiselle," replied he, bowing, "is an enchanting cure for that malady." A whiff of her perfume, austere odour of lilies, assailed him as she moved to take the chair which he held for her. He was entranced. He ordered Clicquot.

"To our next meeting," he said, as their glasses touched. He noticed as she raised her hand the blood-red flash of a gem on her finger. It was a scarab ruby, small, but perfect. "Rather a beautiful ring," he commented.

"Yes. It is ver' loose. See." She shook her finger, and the ring fell on to the table, and rolled, flashing, towards him.

"Aren't you afraid of losing it? "

She shook her head, smiling. "No, M'sieu. It is not veritable, not—how you say?—real." She slipped it on to her finger again. "M'sieu comes to the club often? "

"I do not. But, now—now that I have met you, Zélie, I shall come every night. I think your dance, the—er—*Cafard,* was—ah—a pure gem of the terpsichorean art. It was superb. Yes. Magnificent."

"Ver' nice," said Zélie, "to receipt of complimentaries. Thank you, M'sieu."

"And what I like about you, Zélie," went on Lord Monksford, fatuously, "is your—ah—simplicity. You are so unspoiled, if I may say so. Most dancers are hard, and—ah—of-the-world. Yes. Rather. But, you—well, you are just an utterly charming child. Beauty, in her purity and beatitude—that sort of thing. Yes, by jove! "

Lord Monksford gave Zélie an ardent look. She returned it.

"So? " she murmured. Across the room her eyes met those of the efficient André. A swift message was telegraphed. "I think," she said to Lord Monksford, "you ver' nice mans. *Oui.* You like dance? "

"*Rather!* "

"So. Come. You shall dance zis fox-trot wiz me."

They rose. Lord Monksford was about to clasp her when she stayed him. "Zese pearl," she said, indicating the rope at her neck. "They are ver' valuable, and the catch, 'e is not quite—quite—how you say? "

"Oh—ah—not quite on the job," supplied Lord Monksford. "Not quite efficient."

"*Oui.* Will you put 'im in your pocket? "

"Pleasure." He put them in his tail pocket.

They moved into the dance. It was, Lord Monksford thought, divine. He was filled with rapturous delight. So was Zélie, but for a vastly different reason. Hers was the delight of anticipation. André also anticipated, as, down in the cellar, he crooked one finger round a fuse.

Sudden darkness descended on the dancers. A few women gave nervous screams. Zélie unhanded herself. André counted twenty, and put back the fuse. Light. Laughter. Continuation of the dance.

"Now," said Lord Monksford, a few moments later, "I'll give you back your pearls."

Zélie received the news of their disappearance with a pathetic little smile, and a quiver of the chin. They were worth, she said, five thousand pounds. "They were present t-to me," she sobbed, "by le Duc de Beaujolais, and —and—"

"Poor little girl! " said Lord Monksford. "Cheer up! Your evening shall not be spoiled. I'm going straight home, and I'm going to write you a cheque for five thousand pounds at once."

Which was exactly what Zélie had counted on. The feel of those pearls against her young bosom was very comforting as she bade Lord Monksford good-night. They were worth exactly two thousand francs.

At home, Lord Monksford sat him down to write his cheque.

Feeling something hard where he sat, he put his hand in his tail pocket—and swore.

Then he tore up the cheque and wrote as follows:—

"Charming Zélie,

By some inexplicable miracle the enclosed bauble was taken from my pocket. I trust that by the same miracle you have by this time recovered your pearls. With many thanks for a most instructive evening,

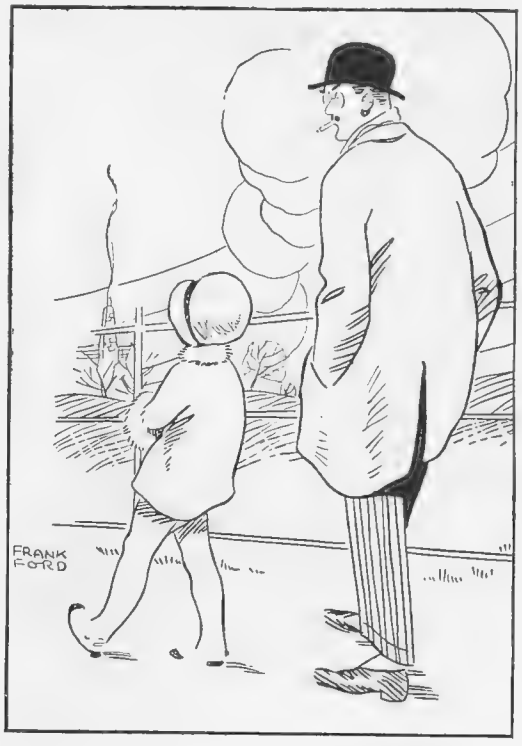
I am,

Ever at your service,

Monksford."

And the peer enclosed the bauble in the envelope—a scarab ruby ring.

C. H. B.



By Frank Ford

"APRÈS MOI . . ."

Joan: "Looks like rain, Daddy."

Daddy (*in bad temper*): "Well, let it rain!"

Joan: "I was going to, Daddy"

Faultless Performance

The Senior Cabriolet £565.

You would have to listen very intently to detect the rhythmical murmur of the Senior car, so quiet and smooth is the running of its perfectly balanced 6-cylinder engine.

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AGE and QUALITY have placed "BLACK & WHITE" in the unrivalled position which it holds in the Home Market and in the Export Markets of the World.

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., LONDON & GLASGOW.

Si Jeunesse Savait—And It Does

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

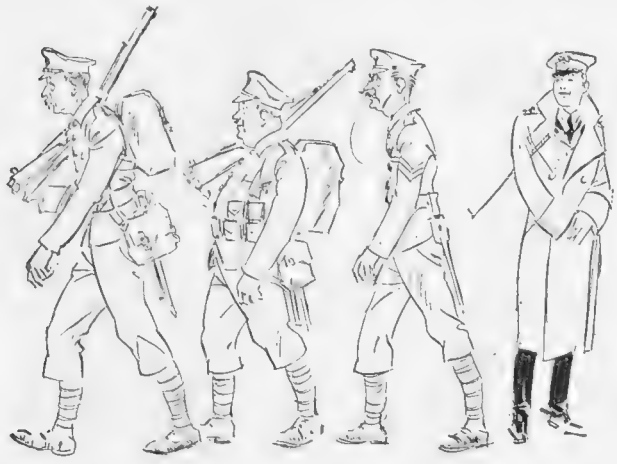
LONDON, *March* 26.

DEAR COUSIN,

ISN'T it wonderful to be young and own the world? Because you do, you know, if you are—only trouble being that some *don't* know it. Though far less, thank Heaven, than used apparently to be the wellnigh universal case in bygone but quite near enough to be appalling days. When it was the mode, the custom, the unquestioned principle to bring up the young of the period with an inferiority complex—just as rather earlier everybody accepted it, didn't they, as quite right and proper that people should be publicly hanged for stealing a loaf of bread when they were starving. Or if the judge had had an exceptionally good lunch and was in a really genial mood he might perhaps merely sentence you to transportation for life to Botany Bay or whatever they called it—and we know, don't we, what rather useful citizens and so on the alleged criminals turned out to be in the end, but that's by the way.

QUITE a lot of *jeunesse sait* to-day, *grâce à Dieu* and also to modern methods, as you might say. The *jeunesse* begins to be aware of itself, so to speak methinks, and has done for some little while, and a good thing too, what? Though *vieillesse*, of course, the bad old kind I mean, still tries to throw its camouflage about of having exclusive special knowledge about everything, just as it did in those dreadful years of the War. It was a tragedy, a tragedy too deep for tears, but one whereupon we've learnt at least that *vieillesse* is no guide—and I do hope if we ever have another war they'll have the sense to decree well beforehand (shall us) that no one over thirty can be C.-in-C., and everyone over fifty's got to go into the trenches. (Though then, of course, there'll *be* no war. Splendid—p'raps we've done even better than the League of Nations, what?)

"Transportation for life"



"Everyone over fifty's got to go into the trenches"

The duds that roll up don't know how to *hold* a club

ANYWAY, London fortunately is full of young, this moment at any rate, what with Varsities going down, and all sorts of exciting events happening, such as the Oxford *v.* Cambridge sports last Saturday, and likewise the great inter-University aquatic contest, due this very next Saturday as ever is, that's commonly or vulgarly called the Boat Race. Which might quite possibly seem to some of us a singularly dull affair, seeing that in the best of positions you only get about a minute's view at the most of the sweet young things striving and splashing away at their oars, and then it's all over as far as you're concerned. (Should be rowed in a nice circle, of course, Round Pond or somewhere, and I'm going to write to the authorities about it.) But 'smatter of fact simply fierce excitement seems to grow up about it even among least apparently sporting members of the public, and quite heated arguments and discussions about same, though no real betting on it, like on horse races, not that you'd notice anyway.

OH, but I've got such lots of things to tell you, and I suppose, as usual, I shan't have time to say even half. Plays? Yes, have been to two or three or four since I last wrote you, but nothing very serious or important to report, except p'raps about *Hedda Gabler* at the Everyman. An effort of Mr. Ibsen's, you remember? Laura Cowie gave us quite a new reading of her as a sort of fiendish, sexless and generally-hating-everybody person, which may or may not be right, but I don't think is. But though one doesn't *quite* believe

(*Continued on page* 630)

WALTER NEW THRILL

THE GREAT CHRYSLER

EVER since Chrysler astounded motorists with his first 6-cylinder car, his search for new developments has never stopped. Hydraulic 4-wheel brakes—7-bearing crankshaft—live rubber suspension of engine and car—and *now*, the great Chrysler Red-Head. Once again Chrysler leads the field—the Chrysler Red-Head is the first available engine specially designed to enable you to take full advantage of the wonderful new high compression fuel, now obtainable at normal prices wherever you go. See how this dramatic new development gives you higher speed, swifter acceleration—verve more brilliant than you have known before!

WHAT THE RED-HEAD IS

In any petrol engine, the pistons in going down draw petrol vapour into the cylinders—and then in rising compress it. The more they compress it, the more powerful the engine. If you compress ordinary petrol vapour much more than four times—your engine begins to knock. But you can compress high-compression fuel *six* times without knocking. The Chrysler Red-Head doesn't alter the amount of petrol vapour drawn in. It is a special cylinder head which enables the engine to compress the vapour *six* times—and thus get the utmost out of the wonderful new fuel.

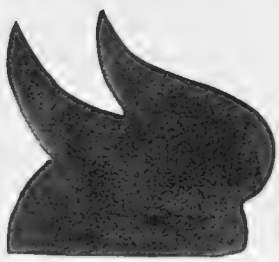
SEE - TRY-THE CHRYSLER

CHRYSLER'S FOR MOTORISTS!

RED-HEAD ENGINE

WHAT THE RED-HEAD DOES

Higher compression means higher power! And what does higher power mean on a Chrysler? You may have revelled in the lightning speed and the brilliant verve of Chrysler cars before. But once you have taken the wheel of a Red-Head Chrysler you will have found a motoring thrill such as you never dreamt of. All the comfort and silence and steadiness and magnificent appearance of a Chrysler—with a racing-car pick up and performance. Acceleration surpassing even that of the ordinary Chrysler! Hills climbed on top where even on the ordinary Chrysler you had to change down before! *New and wonderful joys on every road!*



HOW TO GET A RED-HEAD

The Red-Head will henceforth be optional on all Chrysler Two-Seaters and at a small extra charge on all other models—62, 72 and Imperial 80. *Furthermore, all owners of Chrysler six-cylinder cars made later than July 1925 can have the Red-Head fitted in place of the present and thus enjoy the full advantages of high-compression petrol.* Go to the Chrysler dealer. Know motoring's great new thrill to-day. Test a Red-Head Chrysler on roads you know!

CHRYSLER PRICES ARE DOWN!

Chrysler six-cylinder 4-door Saloon prices: the 62 from £420; the 72 from £545; the 80 from £1006. Send to-day for wonderful new catalogue to Chrysler Motors Ltd., Mortlake Road, Kew Gardens, Surrey.

RED-HEAD TO-DAY!

(Continued from page 627)

in the man, it is rather wonderful, isn't it, that he still lives, though, we're still and about this very moment celebrating centenary of same. Though I think even Hedda, who flaunted her long skirts and bustles so unmorally about the place, would have been shocked (word of the period) at the trousers that it's now said we've all got to wear, for lawn tennis if not otherwise, which look certainly awfully sweet, the feminine kind—from in front anyway. Golf's a good and valuable game, too, apparently, hast heard? Lady playing which, or anyway walking round links, is reported to have lost £500 pearl from necklace on celebrated Sunningdale course — just merely on journey from clubhouse to the first tee, poor thing. And pearl necklaces being, of course, commonly worn by all the best women golfers.

TALKING of golf, some simply lovely lessons I've been having lately from Mr. Vardon and Mr. Whitcombe and Mr. Cotton and the rest—all the best shops seem to have all the best golf pros to help their sales along just now, and I'm sure *I* don't mind. Though, oh poor things, I'm rather sorry for *them*, seeing the simply almost impossible duds that seem to roll up to be told how to swing, and none of them even begins to know how to *hold* a club. But there's fashions in everything, *n'est-ce pas?* even in night clubs, wherein, by the way, hurrah (or whatever's the opposite of alas), the old mode of prancing "girls" is seemingly dead, and at Murray's the other night saw a lovely real and proper performance of the *Balagantschina*, or Russian performers rather like the Chauve Souris, only quite different, do a series of dance-and-say shows that were really quite amusing and good. Also good stimulus to subsequent dancing to more or less sound band on more or less sound floor. So here's hoping you'll back the winner of the Grand National this Fri. and all the rest of the best of luck.

"Trousers we've all got to wear for lawn tennis"

With love, yours ever, BLANCHETTE.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

CLEVER DEFENSIVE BRIDGE

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

DELIBERATELY to block one's own suit in order to compel partner to lead another is a ruse which would not occur to the average player in the course of a rubber, although after it was all over he might see the point.

In the following example A was a woman player who was quicked-witted enough to realise the situation and give her partner an opportunity of responding:—

	S.—8, 4. H.—9, 7, 6. D.—A, J, 3. C.—Q, J, 7, 5, 4.	
S.—K, 9, 7, 5, 2. H.—A, Q, 4, 3. D.—10. C.—10, 9, 2.	Y A B Z	S.—A, Q, 6, 3. H.—10, 8, 5, 2. D.—9, 7, 6, 4. C.—6.
	S.—J, 10. H.—K, J. D.—K, Q, 8, 5, 2. C.—A, K, 8, 3.	

Score: Game all. Z dealt and bid "One No Trump." All passed.

A led the 5 of Spades, and B took the trick with the Ace, returning the Queen, the 10 and Jack falling from Z.

On the Queen led A deliberately played the 7 instead of the 2, winning the third round with the 9 and then playing the 2, which B perforce had to win with the 3.

. . . . . .

B's expression of perplexity was comic. He could not at first imagine what A was up to.

"Why in the world does that woman block her own suit?" he thought.

And then the great idea came to him. "Of course she wants me to lead a suit through Declarer. It must be Hearts up to Dummy's weakness."

So B led a Heart, and very rightly led his 2—his fourth best.

You will now see the horrible fate of poor Z. His King and Jack of Hearts fell, and A, after making her winning Spade, returned a Heart and B made two more tricks—nine in all, putting Z down 150 points.

. . . . . .

A deserved full marks for her play. Most people would have been content to save the game on her hand and not have bothered for those precious over-tricks. If she had played the Spades in the ordinary way and then her Ace of Hearts, all she and her partner would have made was six tricks.

Of course, you may say: "Was not A taking an unnecessary risk in blocking the Spades, and would it not have been sounder for her to make sure first of saving the game with the Spade suit? B might not have led a Heart, and in that case Z would have made game."

The answer is that A relied upon the intelligence of her partner to lead the right suit, which must be up to the weakness on the table.

. . . . . .

A correspondent in China asks me to settle a dispute about the bidding as Dealer on this hand:—

Score: Love all. Z holds:—S.—A, x, x; H.—K, x, x; D.—Q, x, x; C.—J, x, x, x.

Well, of course, I know numbers of players who would bid "One No Trump" on it. That is the only bid if a bid is made, and in the rubber game I should probably call it. But at love score I should certainly pass on it.

The hand adds up to 17 only on the Robertson formula, and the minimum requirement for a No Trumper at love score is 21.

Going away for Easter? . . . "getting the 2.30 on Thursday . . . thought of running the family down to . . . Paris, eh? Why don't you fly over? . . . like to get a breath of sea air . . . fine, it'll do you good."

BASIC BALANCE

THAT CRITICAL MOMENT

HAVE you ever experienced that unpleasant moment when you found that your braking power was not commensurate with your speed? There are certainly times when it is better to be without speed.

Motive power is one thing, braking power another—each useless without the other.

The brakes of the Vauxhall 20-60 are a masterpiece of design. Note their power: To a standstill

from	20	m.p.h. in	14 feet
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„	40	„ „	50 „
„	50	„ „	93 „
„	60	„ „	125 „

Frictionlessly operated, perfectly balanced, their power proportioned to weight and to 60 m.p.h.—and more, they are *always there.*

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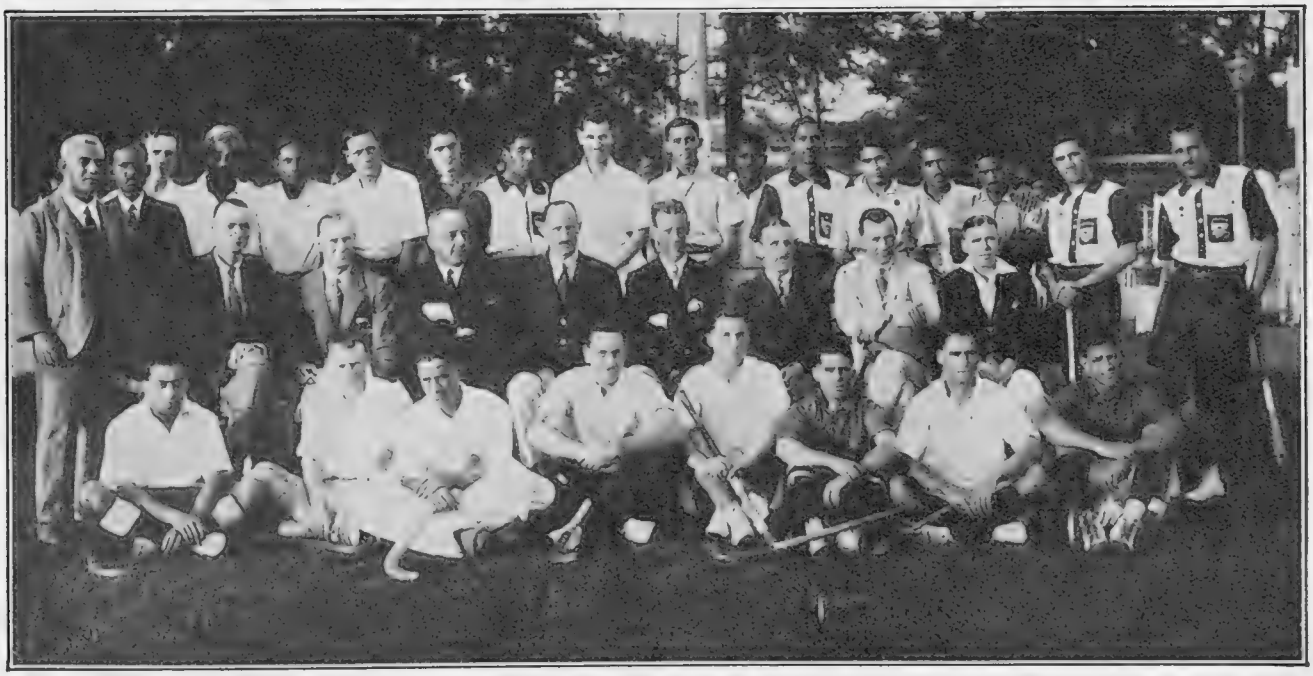
THE FINALISTS FACE THE PHOTOGRAPHER

The Karachi Gymkhana XV (left) and the 2nd Battalion King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, who met in the final of the Open Rugby Tournament at Karachi. The "Koylies" travelled from Peshawar, a distance of about 1,000 miles, to compete in the Final, but their journey proved fruitful, for they defeated their opponents by 8 points to nil

RUGBY, HOCKEY AND GYMNASTICS IN INDIA

A CHAMPION TEAM *Sport and General*

The gymnastic team of the Ox. and Bucks 52nd Light Infantry, who gave the finest display at the Military Searchlight Tattoo at Fort William, Calcutta. Lieut. Wotten, their Instructor, is seen in the centre of the group

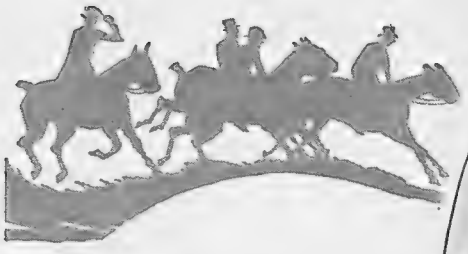


BEFORE THE CAMERA *Sport and General*

The United Provinces Hockey team photographed with officials and some of their opponents before the final round of the All-India Hockey Tournament. The United Provinces team has been chosen to represent India in the Olympic Games at Amsterdam

HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. COATEN



Point-to-Points

FEW features in connection with hunting have been more remarkable than the development of point-to-point racing since the end of the War. Its growth in popularity may be directly attributed to the formation of the Masters of Hounds Point-to-Point Committee, which drew up a set of rules regularising the sport in a manner unknown in the old days. For as long as I can remember the point-to-point meeting has been a popular institution with a great many Hunts, but these jolly gatherings used to be run in rather haphazard fashion, and many abuses existed. Nowadays the meetings are governed by the rules of the National Hunt so far as "disqualification of persons and corrupt practices" are concerned, with the result that hanky-panky tricks in the open races, which were a blemish on them years ago, are now too risky to be practised.

Useful "Gate"

ONE of the most important rules of point-to-point meetings is that, while no charge for admission can be made at any gate or stand, one enclosure may be reserved for the parking of vehicles, in respect of which a charge may be made. This vital reservation enables the various Hunts to hold their meetings without sending the hat round to defray the inevitable expenditure, as was frequently done formerly. Some of the fixtures are now so popular that the crowds they attract must awaken the envy of the executives of the smaller legitimate race meetings. Still, it has not been found that the progress of point-to-point racing has seriously affected the success of the scheduled National Hunt fixtures.

A Sporting Line

IN most cases, I fear, the old idea of racing from one given point to another has completely vanished, but there is really no reason to grumble at this, seeing that the sport under existing conditions seems to afford more enjoyment both to contestants and spectators than ever it did before. The Equitation School at Weedon endeavours to preserve the original character of point-to-point racing. At its recent meeting

Sport and General

AN EASY WIN

Sir J. G. Carew Pole's Carnew II, with the owner up, coming in first in the Buck's Club Race at the Grafton meeting. Carnew II won by a distance, only two of the five runners finishing

Poole, Waterford

EASTER HERO'S OWNER

Captain Alfred Loewenstein, the Belgian millionaire, who has bought Easter Hero, the Grand National candidate, from Mr. Frank Barbour. Capt. Loewenstein is well known in the English hunting field

Sport and General

IN THE MEMBERS' RACE

Mr. D. Dawnay on Vandy clearing the last fence in the Grafton Hunt Members' Race, which he won. This was the first win of the day at the Grafton Hunt Point-to-Point meeting at Silverstone, Northamptonshire

the combined race for heavyweights and lightweights was run over a perfectly natural country. The point was Preston Capes, and a fine line through the Pytchley and Grafton countries was traversed, the distance being four miles and six furlongs. Competitors had to pass between Mantles Heath and Knightley Wood; having gained the open ground beyond, they could see the finishing point and had to make the best of their way there. The first to finish was Mr. R. A. G. Bingley on his good mare Auntie Mabel, and this was a capital performance, considering that he was one of the heavy division. Mr. F. N. Mitchell won the lightweight section. It was generally agreed that the standard of horsemanship was excellent in this eminently sporting affair.

Quorn in Form

ALTHOUGH scent during the past week or two has been what is known as catchy in most countries, a number of good runs have marked the closing days of March. Those out with the Quorn at Lowesby last week were in luck's way, as hounds showed sparkling sport over the cream of their country. A fox found in the Oak Spinney, between the Coplow and Houghton, was marked to ground after one of the liveliest gallops of the season. When I state that hounds were timed to cover a point of six miles in 42 minutes, you will realise that they did not loiter on the way, and only those who were exceptionally well mounted were able to live with them. In spite of its unfortunate interruptions the season has certainly been a successful one with the Quorn so far as the sport is concerned.

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it would arouse the admiration of the pearl fishers

One must spend a fortune to possess real Oriental pearls, yet they look no different from those produced by Ciro. Let us prove it to you at any of our Showrooms, where you will find an enchanting choice of perfect reproductions of genuine pearls and other gems.

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On receipt of One Guinea, we will send you a 16-inch Necklet of Ciro Pearls that you cannot distinguish from real pearls. Wear it for a fortnight and if it does not give you entire satisfaction we will refund your money in full.

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By "The Kennelman"

Official figures periodically quoted in these Notes, and always obtainable from the Kennel Club, establish beyond dispute the fact that both in numbers and in quality the pedigree Dogs of Britain are to-day away ahead of all previous times: that British dogdom never was anything like so prosperous as now, and Dog-fancying never so popular. "But," states a prominent and very successful fancier, "these things don't alter this other fact: that our Dog-breeders, with the finest imaginable material to deal with, are among the world's worst window-dressers, and—partly, no doubt, from the national bias against co-operation as a thing conflicting with individualism—fail to avail themselves of half the fine opportunities open to them. The average Dog-purchaser does not know how to get into touch with them, or who they are, and thousands of would-be buyers overseas are in the same boat. Why don't they get together to make themselves known?"

Well, there's probably something in that "national bias" idea. Like their neighbours in other spheres, our breeders are not awfully good at co-operative action. "My job is producing the finest Dogs in the world, and I'm doing it," they seem to say; and they mostly let it go at that. The fact is, every passing day brings new recruits to the ranks of would-be amateurs of Dogs, so that whatever may already have been done for their edification and guidance requires continual re-doing. Doesn't "The Kennelman" know it? Despite the efficient service rendered by the Kennel Club (84, Piccadilly), and by such organisations as the Free Information Bureau (40, St. Mary Axe, E.C.3), the same old S O S calls arrive every day: "We want to get a good Dog of such and such a variety, and note you strongly advise going direct to the breeders; but we don't know any breeders, so would you please," etc. Once more the standing advice must be repeated: All the breeds have their specialist Clubs, the Secretaries of which can furnish the names of leading breeders in every district, with whom appointments can always be made for kennel inspection, etc. The names of these Secretaries can be obtained from British doggy headquarters: the Kennel Club. As for the claim that there should be some up-to-date list available of names and addresses of leading breeders of every variety, this is very fairly met by the annual issue of the Kennel Club Calendar and Stud Book. But it's true enough that, probably through their specialist clubs, our breeders might, with advantage, do a deal more co-operative window-dressing in the way of making themselves known as providers and vendors of the finest pedigree Dogs in the world.

Our doggy leaders are accused of slackness in the matter of not rushing out to embrace the Greyhound Racing authorities, but surely this is a little perverse. The National Greyhound Racing Club may have ever so glorious a future before it, but the Kennel Club has well over half a century behind it of established pre-eminence as the central national organisation of dogdom as a whole; and so, in all such matters as the new body's recognition of the K.C. registration of Hounds, it surely is the job of the N.G.R.C. to get busy about securing co-ordination.

A correspondent in the Riviera suggests that Dog Show promoters in England would find it profitable to take a leaf out of the book of the Nice Show authorities in the matter of linking up such sporting events as hare coursing with their Shows. "Once the judging is over, and the Dogs on their benches inspected, the general public would welcome keenly such sporting spectacles as coursing, racing, tracking, retrieving, and trials of Dogs trained for guard and patrol work. The more you interest the general, non-fancying public, the greater the educative and all-round benefit for dogdom."

Warwick Wright Says

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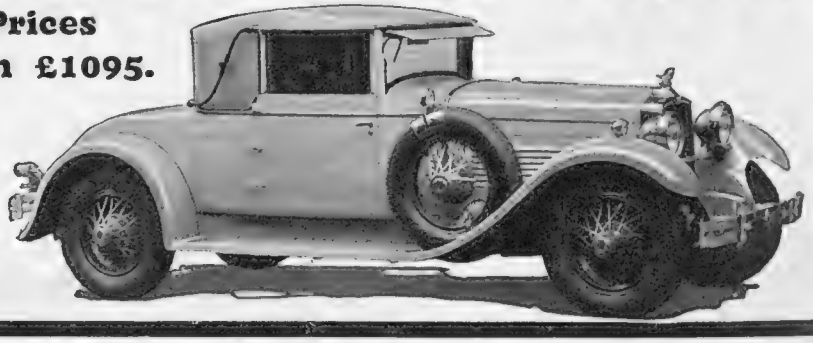

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MISS LETTICE ST. MAUR

Who is to marry Major Richard Loudon McCreery, of the Royal Lancers. She is the second daughter of the late Lord and Lady Percy St. Maur

Speaight

MISS CYNTHIA BURNS

Whose engagement was recently announced. Her fiancé, Sir John Carew Pole, of the Coldstream Guards, is the 12th Baronet

Lafayette

MISS GERMAINE MOSS

Whose forthcoming marriage was announced this month. She is engaged to Lieutenant-Colonel L. G. R. Robinson

Angus Faith

MISS FLORENCE COBHAM GRANT

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cobham Grant, of Ceylon. Her marriage to Mr. A. Bromley Kemp will take place next month

Femina

INEFFICIENCY AND SCIENCE

By "CANDIDA"

PEOPLE who write newspaper articles must not be taken seriously. Their intentions, I know from experience, are excellent, but anyone can write himself into a purple passion over anything he doesn't really care tuppence about. Writing is the jolliest occupation, because it allows you a latitude you wouldn't dream of taking in a world you've learnt to be resigned in. Living is one thing, writing's another. That's why there are so many, many books, and it's getting to be quite distinguished not to have published anything.

WHEN in doubt about your subject (if write you must) take any failing that's supposed to be essentially feminine, add any old arguments, the older the better, season with plenty of sarcasm and lots of more or less polite abuse, and you're sure to be printed the following morning. To find any satisfaction in things as they are, and in women as they seem to be, doesn't give any "pep" to your style. That's why women are "news," as Rose Macaulay said. That's why, when all else fails and nothing important has happened, or is likely to happen, one always falls back on the one inexhaustible subject as old as Eve, and as popular to-day as it was with Adam who began it.

KNOWING the tricks of the trade doesn't prevent one from being taken in by them. Last week when I came across a tirade on "inefficient wives" I thought we were in for some plain speaking. An inefficient wife, I imagined, is one who fails as a wife because she lacks sympathy, tact, brains, common sense, beauty, allurement, anything that makes her as a wife worth having.

I THOUGHT the efficient one who wrote the article would discuss the possibilities of living up to the spirit of a contract, and not merely of the letter, the every-day tragedies that might be averted, the secret sorrows of lots of nice people that needn't be sorrows at all, the bitter things that are always thought about and never mentioned, etc., etc. Not a bit of it. Those inefficient wives of the article were just inefficient housekeepers; not *grandes amoureuses* gone wrong; merely bad cooks.

HOUSEKEEPING, we all know, is amateurish. A house is an organisation without benefit of trade unions; it's everything that's unbusinesslike and unprogressive. Nothing much has been done to lighten a lot of its unnecessary labour. Housekeeping is inefficient because it's amateurish. Let any man try. He may have thought (he would hardly dare to say it) that she who orders his dinners does it badly and extravagantly. But if he worked out the correspondence between her allowance and the food he doesn't approve of, he'd think more highly of her well-meant efforts to keep within his means. The cook, he'd discover to his chagrin, is a woman first and a cook afterwards, instead of the other way round, which is the proper way of every business that's not amateurish and unprogressive. Hence the delicate machinery of the house is constantly thrown out of gear by tantrums, storms, tempers, and hurried exits. He'd find to his surprise that servants who were paid to be "clean, willing, and industrious" have no scruples at all to take his money for being dirty, disobliging, and lazy. And he might even begin to have a sneaking sympathy for the women who want to have shops, run offices, do anything, in short, rather than keep house. They're mistaken, of course, but that doesn't alter the longing. They believe that the life they don't know must be more interesting than the life they do. All the discontents that ever were, and most of the "movements," too, are based on the assumption that the other man's life is more worth living than one's own.

HOUSEKEEPING has found the way out. It has been made into a science. It's got colleges, courses, degrees, diplomas, careers. The new kitchen is a laboratory. Books have been written on food values, on Vitamin D, and what it does, and what happens when it doesn't. We talk of feeding people on ultra-violet rays—or, perhaps, we don't; I'm not quite sure of the facts. To keep up with the latest discoveries takes time and brains, and I humbly suggest that one can overdo the scientific touch in one's daily living.

THE inefficient wives will have no excuse for their inefficiency now that they can be scientific and domestic at one and the same time. Not that science will make all the difference it's fondly hoped that it will. The inefficient of this world were born that way; and whereas before they were amateurishly inefficient, they will in future be scientifically so. Sad, but true. Perhaps a daily dose of ultra-violet ray, or Vitamin D, might work a miracle? Why not try?

"The SPIDER"

AT THE WINTER GARDEN THEATRE

Yet another thriller, which, like the Fat Boy in "Pickwick," not only "wants to make your flesh creep," but does so with marked success, is "The Spider." Full of unusual effects and surprises, it is weaving the web of success at the Winter Garden Theatre

Janet Jevons

MISS BETTY SCHUSTER

Who appears as The Girl, an assistant to the music-hall illusionist, Chatrand, The Great, whose activities create considerable excitement. The "atmosphere" of the music-hall is sustained wonderfully well with the help of a large number of players who, in different rôles, play their parts from the auditorium

Stage Photo Co.

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT

The Girl (Betty Schuster) and Chatrand, The Great (Leslie Faber) are concerned about the latter's assistant, Alexander (Charles Cromer). Most of the action centres round Chatrand's ability to exploit "the vanishing trick" with marked success

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Speed. Not the noisy rush of the racing car, but swift, silent and smooth progression, mile after mile, uphill and downhill, without effort or fatigue. As silky, as noiseless, as fully under control at 60 as at 6 miles an hour. This is only one of the attributes of the famous Wolseley range. A trial run, which we will arrange with pleasure at your convenience, will be a revelation to you.

Catalogue upon request.

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PARISIANA By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS,

IT is very shocking, *sans doute*, to allude to a *soirée diplomatique* at the Elysée in the same breath as the Quat'z' Arts Ball, but it has just been discovered that they have one great feature in common, which is a matter of moment that we could not possibly overlook. The point of the discovery is that the main attraction of both is to those who have a difficulty in getting in.

"Remembered to borrow a beard"

BEFORE you may fix your first astonished vision of the frank spectacle offered at the notorious Bal des Quat'z' Arts, you must become attached (nominally) to one of the schools, then travel across Paris with goose-flesh legs and chest in a costume that is mostly "ventilator," and, after shivering for at least an hour in a jostling queue, where the speculation mostly concerns probabilities of "getting the bird," you affront a sequence of bellicose *gardes* animated with fell purpose. They cross-examine you in a manner that would bring envy to a leader at the Bar regarding your knowledge of art and the particular school at which you are studying, and only when you have furnished adequate responses, and supplied, unfalteringly, the necessary passwords are you permitted to pass into the Hall of La Verité Toute Nue. The fact that you may have paid the equivalent of ten pounds for your ticket to some salesman who assured you that he would see you safely inside does not aid you in the slightest. He will be invisible at the crisis.

IF you could just saunter into the Quat'z' Arts as you walk into "the pictures" you would probably find it scarcely more exciting than a visit to the Folies-Bergère, but the fact that the chances of entry are about seventy-five to one against creates the spice that draws the crowd of would-be participants. Similarly with the *soirée diplomatique*. Most of those who automatically receive an invitation find it rather boring, and the only folk who get a thrill out of it are those who contrive to slip inside without having received an invitation.

THREE kinds of persons get into the Elysée receptions: those who bear a personal invitation; those who have forgotten their invitation in the conflict with a recalcitrant tie but whose names are inscribed on the list of guests and are able to establish their identity; those who have begged, borrowed, or otherwise procured an invitation despatched to someone else. Classes 1 and 2, as mentioned, enter the Palace without zest. Class 3, on the other hand, are full of zest but must also possess an abundance of ready wit. Otherwise, they are treated like the intruders at the Quat'z' Arts—save for the kicks. For example, one baby-faced lad of twenty endeavoured to make an imposing entry with a card that had been originally sent to a member of the Senate, where the minimum age is forty. He had to retreat. Had he but remembered to borrow a beard along with the dress suit he would have passed through without a murmur under the present tolerant *régime*.

"The Serpent whispered into the ear of Eve"

'Getting the bird"

THERE was a time when a close watch was kept for impersonators of the *ayant-droits*. But that was in the days of severe and cold-hearted Presidents of the Republic. Under the genial M. Doumergue there can be no question of undue severity. M. Doumergue himself enjoyed his first *soirée* at the Elysée only as the result of a subterfuge, which he has himself recounted. It was in the days of President Grevy, when M. Doumergue was a poor student in the Latin Quarter. "I borrowed my first dress clothes," he said, "and presented myself with the card of a friend. They let me pass." And so the young, poorer students of to-day are allowed to pass, for Pres.

Doumergue knows they are the most delighted of all his guests, as they have never had the opportunity of becoming *blasé*. You will not wonder that Pres. Doumergue is so easily the most popular man in France.

SOME Presidents would probably have been cross had their nickname been borrowed for the title of a revue, as Rip as done in the case of *Au temps de Gastounet* at the Bouffes-Parisiens, but M. Gaston Doumergue has enjoyed it as much as anyone. This revue has already been running successfully for several months, and new scenes have given it a new life, so it is possible that it may last for the seven years of M. Doumergue's Presidential term, with a few more renewals as effective as the latest. About the best of the new numbers is a discourse by Rip himself on "The Song Throughout the Ages." The first song, according to him, was that which the Serpent whispered into the ear of Eve, to her own, and eventually Adam's, undoing. In support of the hypothesis, our first parents present themselves on the stage, tailored and gowned respectively — and respectfully — in leaves. I say respectfully, because the first thing that one remarked about Eve was the voluminous burden of her leafy frock, that was most ample compared with the so-called frocks of her descendants of to-day.

"With Eve jealous"

ADAM and Eve, *soit dit en passant*, are in favour on the Paris stage at present, for they are also appearing at the Potinière at the instigation of Jean le Seyeux, who, ordinarily, does not write plays but designs delightful costumes for them. M. le Seyeux, however, is worth encouraging in his new *rôle*, for he has planned an entertaining little operette. *Pom' Pom'*—an apt title for a piece so intimately associated with the world's most famous apple—deals with Paradise before the invention of love, that is, before the apple had been eaten. Everybody is suffering from chronic *ennui*, so, while the Serpent employs all his cunning to bring the forbidden fruit to the attention of Eve, the apple, represented by an *exquise petite femme*, utilises all her efforts for the subjugation of Adam. So much effort is bound to be crowned with success, and as everybody discovers love, everybody is happy, according to M. le Seyeux, who apparently thinks the departure from the Garden of Eden was no great loss. Perhaps he has in view a sequel of the Eternal Triangle order, with Eve jealous of Mlle. Apple. RENÉ.

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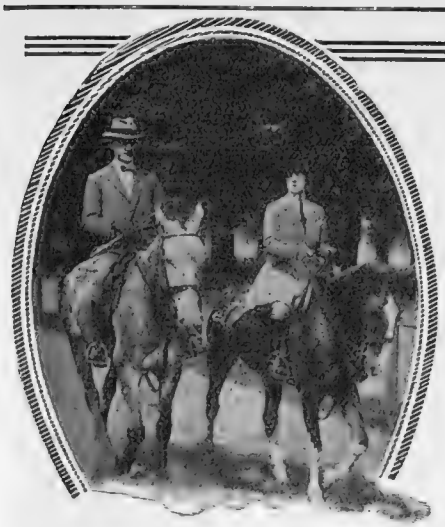

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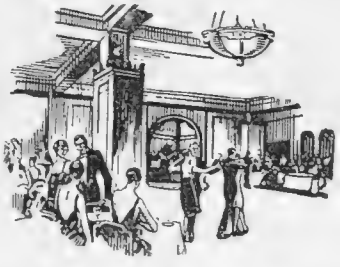

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A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

I HAVE rarely read a more entertaining or more graciously written book of memoirs than the anonymously issued *Some Letters from a Man of No Importance,* 1895-1914 (Cape: 10*s.* 6*d.* net). Obviously the writer was what is vulgarly called "in the know," and his knowledge of men and matters was not confined to London Society. His letters show him to have known polite France almost as well as his own country. It is easy, of course, to be interesting if you are in a position to speak from the inside, but it is not easy to clothe your words with both delicacy and distinction as this author has done. I confess that I opened his book with some hesitation: just another of the usual gossipy things, I supposed, with which the libraries these days are flooded. But it is nothing of the kind. The author has no scandals to retail, no maliciously impertinent observations to make, no vulgar display of high-born friends. But he not only gives you a kind of skeleton history of the period, but, without intending to do so, sets out in the most fascinating way the lineaments of an English gentleman. You read on, and find yourself refusing to skip. That in itself is no small tribute. You find yourself recalling old days, and wondering how you thought about this or that little incident at the time. You come to know a man who, though no politician himself, misses little of political importance. You are given forthright opinions and sometimes startlingly accurate prophecies. There is much about the Royal Family, which is not founded on rumour; there are vignettes of interesting people; there is an occasional word about religious questions. The letters are generally gay, always good-natured, and very shrewd indeed. There is that air about them which makes you want to meet the author and discuss matters with him. They stop short at the War, but perhaps there are others to be printed. It would certainly be interesting to hear what the author of these interesting letters has to say of the queer hectic world of London to-day.

Happy Ever After (Nash and Grayson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), by Burton Hewitt, may or may not be a first novel; there are points about it which make one want to know more of its author. I imagine that the ingredients of the story could be built up into a first-rate comedy for the stage. Mr. Hewitt handles his theme with skill: it is what might be termed, facetiously, the eternal quadrangle. You have the beautiful Diana married to a disappointingly backboneless baronet. You have a notorious American beauty coming between them. You have a young and handsome American making a fourth. And you have two of the nicest hotel managers, one in London and the other in New York, pulling strings in the most novel and most agreeable fashion. The thing, you will say, has been done before often enough, and so, indeed, it has; but Mr. Hewitt has given a new twist to the business, and you read on with some pleasure. His people may do theatrical things, but they are not theatrical. Neither the baronet nor his lady gains your sympathy very quickly, but you want to know what is going to happen to them, and you do not know until the fall of the curtain. The little drama proceeds along conventional lines, and yet it is not quite conventional. The novel, that is to say, is jolly and good to read.

Raphael

MR. LEONARD ROSSITER

Whose third novel, "The Sex Age," has just made its appearance. He is a barrister-at-law and a son-in-law of Sir Bernard Oppenheimer. He had a big success in America with his first book, "That Ridiculous Woman"

ONCE again Mr. Ralph Nevill gives us light entertainment, and in *Romantic London* (Cassell: 12*s.* 6*d.* net) is chatting very cheerily about old houses and streets, old *roués* and beautiful ladies, old customs and ridiculous follies. A more amiable gossip it would be difficult to find. True there are one or two trifling mistakes, but the book is not intended for students. In Mr. Nevill's company you amble pleasantly in well-known places, and take a look back. If you have heard some of the stories before, no matter; they will bear the retelling. And if you want further details, Mr. Nevill generally tells you where to find them. He is an agreeable companion.

A LITERARY LIGHT *Yevonde*

A recent portrait of Mr. Hugh Walpole, the dramatised version of whose book, "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair," is now playing at the Little Theatre. His new novel, "Wintersmoon," has just been published

YOU must read a singularly gracious and in parts very lovely little volume, called *The Love Letters of a Husband* (Cassell: 6*s.* net). No author's name is given, although I fancy I know who he may be. The letters themselves are delightful things, written to a young wife who has gone off—not with another man but by herself, and just because affairs had not been going quite as wonderfully as they might. The husband is a good fellow, and you begin early on to suspect the secret that is hidden from him, and hope that his efforts to explain himself will meet with their reward. There are two or three other women in the background, but it is only the absent Carola who fills his thoughts. There is a delicacy in these letters which must endear both them and their writer to the reader. You must not expect high-falutin' literary essays: they would be hopelessly out of place. What you do get are the thoughts and feelings of a warm-hearted man who asks for only one thing. The little book is most excellently done, and I wish it success.

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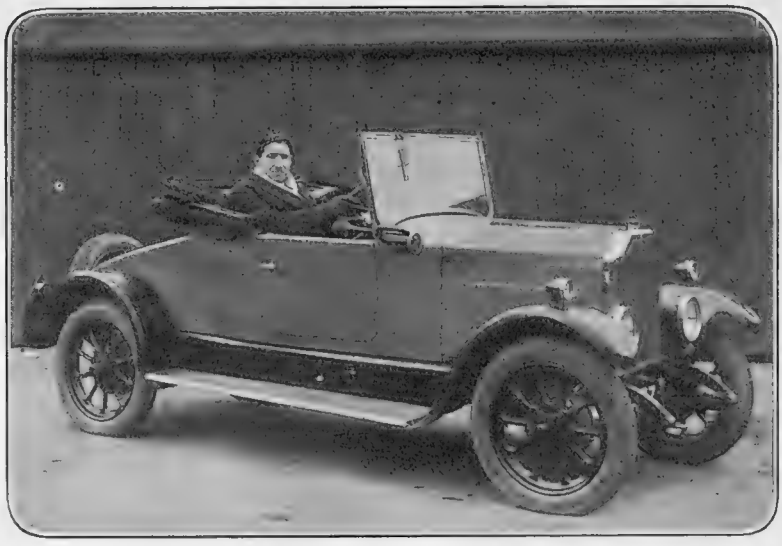

AN INTERNATIONAL'S CAR

W. E. Crawford, the Irish International full-back, photographed in his Swift motor car. This famous Coventry made model is most popular in Ireland

TO-MORROW evening, the 29th, at 8.30 p.m., there will be a most interesting demonstration of anti-dazzle devices in Richmond Park, under the auspices of the R.A.C. An overwhelming response has been received by the Club to its invitation to inventors and manufacturers. The list of exhibitors was not complete at the time of writing, as entries were still being received from all parts of the country, but it was already certain that the demonstration would be of the most comprehensive character. It will include anti-dazzle devices of every description, all types of illuminated road signs, many of which have not before been shown in public; a number of original rear reflectors for cycles; various methods of illuminating rear number plates, and a most interesting scheme for the arrangement of danger lamps on road works at night. The latter has been evolved by the R.A.C. and is put forward as a uniform scheme of lighting.

***

THE Rover Company gathered together some of their many friends for a very happy lunch at the Connaught Rooms last Friday, when the subject for celebration was their latest Five-Pound Trial. This refers to the feat of a 10-25 h.p. Rover-Weymann saloon, which recently covered 2,149 miles on a £5 note, and would have gone much further but for a couple of breakages that, in the case of a private owner, would have been replaced free of charge under the manufacturers' guarantee. I have had one of these identical cars myself for close on four months now, and can honestly say that the more I use it the better I like it. It has a small engine of only 1,185 c.c. in all, carrying a £10 tax. But its power, liveliness, and top gear pull are surprising. "Vivacious" is the term for the Rover Ten. Of course, it is undeniably noisy; when getting a large power output from a small engine you cannot have everything. But for comfort and reliability the Rover Ten Weymann fabric saloon at £250 should be hard to beat. I am particularly struck with the roominess of the bodywork, which, it is interesting to know, offers actually more generous seating than did the five-seater tourer on their grand old "Twelve" of pre-war days.

***

I WAS recently shown over the Singer Company's great new Birmingham works, which are now in full swing. The floor area measures as much as all the seven Singer factories in Coventry put together, and the works stand in 17 acres of land with a half-mile track running round them. Two thousand circuits of this track are made every working day. Over 80 cars per week are produced already from these new works alone, and

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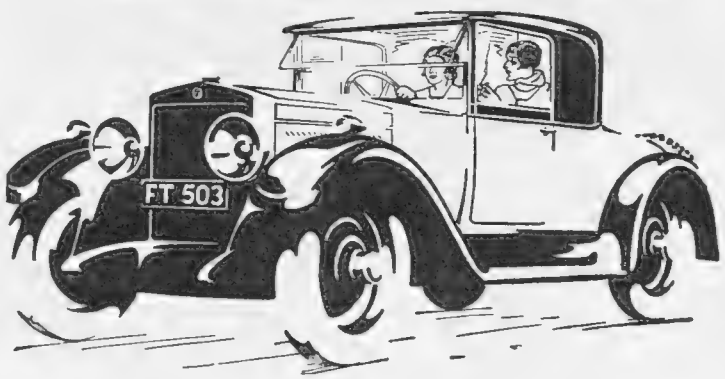

The Car of International Reputation

there are indications that this number will be increased to 100 by Easter. The plant for the cellulose paint shop alone cost £25,000 to install, and the painting of a body involves forty-two distinct operations, a remarkable example of how well finished a cheap car may be if it is produced in sufficient quantities. So immense are the new works that to heat them alone takes 17 boilers using 50 tons of coal a week. Two thousand hands are employed, and the weekly wages bill runs to over £8,000.

***

IT is no exaggeration to say that the 12.5 h.p. six-cylinder "Monasix" Renault occupies a quite unique place amongst motor cars on the British market. This is no flight of high praise or laudatory fancy. The simple fact is that there is no other car quite in this category—a light car in point of weight, price, tax and upkeep, with a very sweet six-cylinder engine and a type of suspension that gives the comfort and dignity of a much larger car. The engine is a six-cylinder of 52×93 mm. with a £13 tax. It has side-by-side valves, a detachable cylinder head and a four-bearing crankshaft. The radiators are placed behind and on either side of the engine, and the bonnet is the familiar Renault type, which looks particularly smart on this car. The engine is easy to start and will give the car a speed of just 50 m.p.h. One could not find any fault with the steering, gear, change, or other controls. But the most attractive feature is undoubtedly the smooth riding provided by a well-designed six-cylinder engine and a remarkable suspension system, which gives a standard of riding comfort quite out of the ordinary, whether the car is lightly or heavily loaded. The "Monasix" Renault has many excellent features in the bodywork—too many to mention in detail here, and the equipment is unusually complete, including even bumpers front and rear. Besides the £299 four-door saloon which I tried, and which is obtainable either panelled or fabric-covered, there are the tourer at £279 and a very smart folding head coupé with double dickey at £325.

AT "BRUM"

A photograph taken at the great new Singer works at Birmingham. This particular corner shows the 12 h.p. chassis lines

***

IN a cablegram received by Rolls-Royce, Ltd., from Sir Alan Cobham some interesting details of the famous airman's African flight were given. The telegram, which was sent from Durban, states that the two Rolls-Royce Condor engines fitted to Sir Alan's Short metal flying boat gave a superb performance, having, up to that point, completed one hundred and fifty hours without overhaul on the flight through Central Africa, despite the varying climatic conditions, such as the heat of the Sudan and the thin atmosphere of the high altitude lakes. The engines ran without a falter from the time that the party left Rochester, and Sir Alan had the greatest confidence in the reliability of the Condors for the return flight home via the West Coast. Such a tribute from an aviator of the experience of Sir Alan speaks volumes for the excellence and reliability of these engines.

E. M. WRIGHT.

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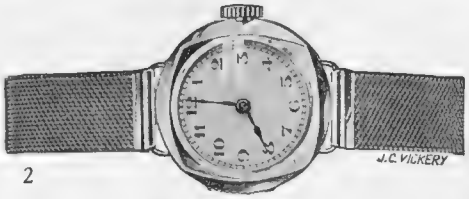

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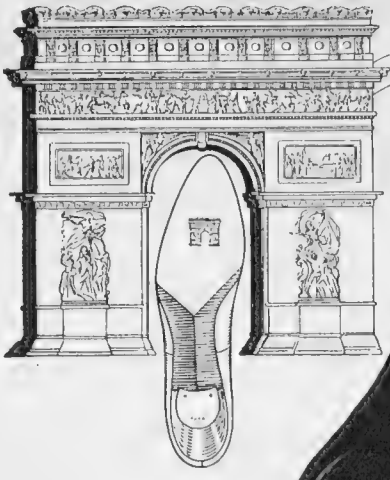

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Some charming examples of Children's Spring wear from The Treasure Cot Co., 103, Oxford Street, W., take the form of a figured voile frock, a flexible straw poke hat, and a coat and bonnet of pale pink rep, trimmed with frilled muslin

Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

All That's Fashionable

FOR practical wear it is tailor-made styles that at the moment hold the field, and this does not mean that it is on coats and skirts of the severe type that La Mode alone smiles, but also on coat-frocks (cut more on coat than on frock lines!), jumper suits, and on three-pieces, which can either be completed by coats that reach to the hem of skirts, or short ones of the cardigan variety. Scarves are important features of the newest jumper suits, and are disposed in a variety of ways, sometimes worn kerchief-wise and loosely knotted on the shoulder; sometimes crossed in front and secured by a fancy brooch; sometimes wound once round the neck and the ends left hanging. Often they are made of the same material as the jumper, or have a border of the same colouring.

The Feminine Touch

THIS on the tailor-made garment—coat-frock or jumper suit—take the form of collar, cuffs, and jabot of organdi, *crêpe de Chine*, or *crêpe* georgette; whilst on the more elaborate dresses destined for afternoon wear, fichus, either of hand-done openwork or finely pleated, are finding favour. And talking of the feminine note, mention must be made of capes, which often complete a costume, in which case they are short, reaching to the waist only, or rather long and voluminous, gracefully cover an afternoon frock.

Looking Ahead

WHAT is being worn on the Riviera now, gives, needless to say, the keynote to what we in England will wear in the early summer. So it is interesting to consider how we shall be suited by simple little jumper frocks of plain, or what the Parisiennes call "shirt *crêpe*," in which pleating plays a large part either on skirt or jumper, for these are finding much favour in the South at present. Fullness to the front would seem to be the rule for afternoon models, a large proportion of which are seen in printed silk *crêpes*, with spotted, checked, or floral patterns, particularly spotted.

Spring Outfits for Small People

ANY survey of what the London shops have to offer at this most exciting time of the year would be singularly incomplete without taking the needs of the Younger Generation into consideration. "Their Majesties the Babies," most certainly come into their kingdom at The Treasure Cot Co., Ltd., 103, Oxford Street, W., specialists in outfits for children of all ages. Some charming examples are sketched above. On the left, a figured voile frock, with an organdi collar (19*s.* 6*d.*). In the centre, a becoming little poke hat of open straw, very soft and flexible, trimmed with ruchings of pale blue ribbon, and underlined with georgette (28*s.* 6*d.*). On the right, a smart Spring coat and bonnet of pale pink rep, for which frilled net provides the trimming. (The coat is priced at 38*s.* 6*d.*, and the bonnet 14*s.* 9*d.*)

"The New Idea" in Dress! The envelope model (left), expressed in nigger grosgrain and foulard, and (right) the new back-fastening travel coat. Sonia Bloor, Ltd., 62, Brook Street, W.

Sketches by A. Tilford

Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge, S.W., stand sponsor for a gold lace dance frock and an effective three-piece of black georgette and beige lace

An Age of Miracles

IN a miraculous age, one can only take it that everything is possible! Exquisitely cut, up-to-date and original models, carried out in the latest fabrics, from 50*s*., for instance. For these are actually to be seen at Sonia Bloor, Ltd., 62, Brook Street, W.! And how is it done? Well, just because Sonia Bloor, well known as a designer for the big American houses, is able, as she herself explains, to copy her original designs for the English market at this remarkable price. Indeed, all her models are extraordinarily reasonable in price, the two sketched on the preceding page costing respectively 10 guineas and 8½ guineas. The left-hand one shows the new envelope style, and is expressed in nigger grosgrain, lined with foulard, trimmed with *ciré* braid, and filigree gold buttons; it can be worn either as a two-piece (as in the sketch) or as a coat. The one on the right is a delightful draught-free travel coat, with the fashionable back fastening, carried out in Cumberland tweed with a shaded border.

Gold Lace for Evening Wear

WHETHER it is outdoor or indoor frocks of which she is in quest, the seeker after something smart can always find it at Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge, S.W. See, for instance, the lovely dance gown sketched on the left of the page, for which gold lace is employed, posed over flesh-coloured satin; gold tissue borders the hem, and flame-coloured velvet flowers are *appliquéd* on the skirt. And, at the top of the page, something new in three-pieces takes the form of a skirt and cardigan coat of black georgette, completed by a jumper of beige lace over georgette. Worn with it is a hat of crimson varnished straw, the brim folded back in front and tied with a bow of *ciré* ribbon.

The Perfect Tailor-made

IN spite of the fact that Paris has set the seal of approval on tailor-made suits this Spring, quite a number of women shrink from ordering them, even when they happen to be particularly becoming to their own special type, because of the erroneous idea that good tailoring is prohibitively expensive. This is certainly not the case at Messrs. Studd and Millington's, 51, Conduit Street, W., where suits and overcoats of perfect cut and fit are made to measure from six guineas. The "Eskdale" (8 guineas), shown on the right of this page, is typical of the excellence of this firm's work, and in connection with it the new side panel and strapped cuffs should be specially noted. Needless to say, a large choice of the new Spring fabrics is offered; patterns will be sent on request.

Tennis at Easter

MANY of us are optimistic enough to look forward to an Easter spent out of doors, and will be interested in the delightful tennis frocks in all sorts of practical designs that are to be found at Walpole Bros., 89, New Bond Street, W.1 (other addresses: 190, Kensington High Street, W.8, and 175, Sloane Street, S.W.1). A most attractive model can be purchased for 39*s*. 6*d*. in ivory spun silk; another, at 45*s*. 9*d*., has an adjustable slotted belt, and will suit any figure; and this same model costs 79*s*. 6*d*. in washing silk *crêpe de Chine*, in ivory and colours.

Expressive of perfect tailoring! "The Eskdale," a new Spring model from Messrs. Studd and Millington, 51, Conduit Street, W., that features the side panel and strapped cuffs

Sketches by Beta

No. 4711.

The Easter Gift.

The age-old custom of remembrance of friends at Easter still holds, and what more delightful way of expressing it than by an opportune gift of "*4711*" Eau de Cologne.

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The New Idea in Coiffures

New frocks, new hats, new accessories! That is the order of the day now that the month that ushers in Spring is actually with us, and it is indeed a short-sighted woman who, in fitting herself out in up-to-date fashion, neglects the all-important matter of the coiffure. It may be that she is in doubt as to how she can arrange her own hair in a becoming and fashionable way! Or it may be that her hair is out of sorts on account of illness, or in the transition stage from shingle to long, and she seeks a becoming transformation that will bring her into line with the dictates of Fashion. In either case, or indeed in all cases that pertain to the coiffure, she will do well to seek aid from The Maison Nicol, 170, New Bond Street, W. For Mr. David Nicol carefully studies the requirements of each individual client, and his transformations are really marvellous works of art, whether of the shingled or long-haired variety. They are light in weight, they are entirely hygienic, they are absolutely natural in appearance, and in effect miraculously soft and becoming. Readers of this paper are invited to write for the Maison Nicol's latest catalogue, for "seeing is believing," and also to take note of the fact that Mr. David Nicol's advice is at the disposal of those who care to consult him on either the treatment or arrangement of their hair, whether personally or by letter.

A New Continental Service

The Gothard-Pullman Express Train de Luxe, composed exclusively of the latest type of first- and second-class Pullman cars, is now running daily between Bâle and Milan in both directions. On the outward journey it leaves Bâle at 7.12 a.m. in correspondence with the 2 a.m., 4 p.m., and other boat trains from Victoria, arriving at Milan at 1.50 p.m. in connection with the direct expresses to Florence, Rome, Venice, Brindisi, etc. On the return journey the Gothard Express leaves Milan at 4.10 p.m., arriving at Bâle at 10.44 p.m. in correspondence with the night services for Paris and London. As in the case of the "Golden Arrow" and other Pullman Limited Trains run by the Wagons-Lit Company, passengers are served with meals, etc., at their own tables.

A NEW COIFFURE

It is in March—the month of new clothes—that Woman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of new Coiffures too! Here is the newest rendering according to The Maison Nicol, 170, New Bond Street, W., whose Transformations can only be described as marvellous works of art

Bridge in a Nutshell

"The Baby Bridge Book," which has been compiled by Mr. A. E. Manning Foster, is designed especially to meet the requirements of players who do not desire to read long text-books, but who want a book for quick and ready reference. Particularly useful features are the A B C of penalties, by the aid of which penalties can be looked up in a few seconds, and the summary of Informatory Doubles. The Informatory Double is the most misunderstood and abused of conventions, and reliable information on this subject is very welcome. In a few pages the author has condensed all that any player need know about them. The publishers are John Waddington, Ltd., and the price 1s.

Easter Travel

Extensive arrangements for travel at Easter have been made by the Great Western Railway Company, and details of them are given in their list of Easter Excursions. Special excursion trains at reduced fares will be run to all parts of the company's system. By the extension of week-end tickets passengers will be able to make their outward journey by any train after 4.0 p.m. on Friday, April 6, returning by any train on the Sunday, Monday or Tuesday. The fares will be approximately single ordinary fare and a third.

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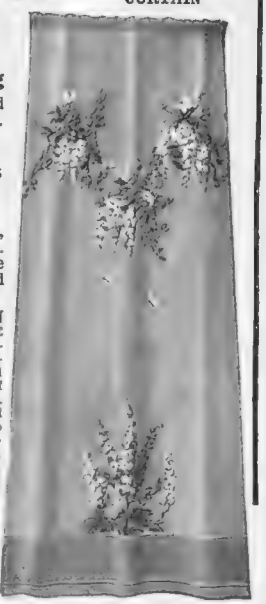

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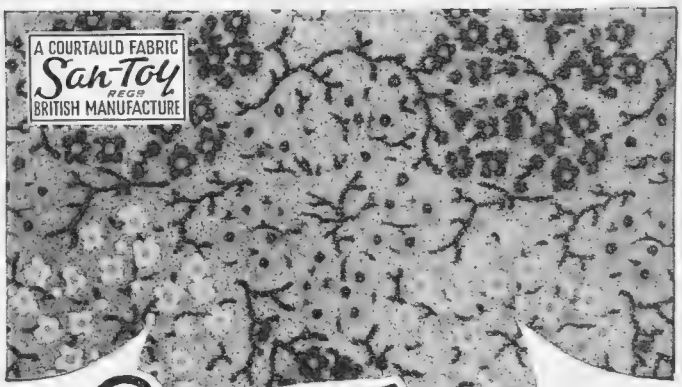

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Creamed Eggs with Mushrooms

BEAT up five eggs, season them with salt and pepper, add two tablespoonfuls of cream and ½ oz. of butter. Stir this over the fire in a fireproof casserole till nearly set, then add twelve chopped mushrooms (previously tossed in butter) and a little chopped parsley. Continue to stir the mixture over the fire for another minute or two, then dish up on buttered pieces of toast, and serve.

Hot Egg Salad (a Viennese Dish)

Melt 1 oz. of butter in an omelet pan; when hot drop in six fresh eggs, season with salt and pepper. Break up the eggs with a fork or spoon as soon as they set. Put the eggs thus cooked in a hot shallow dish, pour over a little melted butter flavoured with vinegar or lemon-juice, and sprinkle over some finely-cut chives. Garnish with lettuce salad, and serve.

Eggs with Oyster Sauce (an American Dish)

Scald ten oysters in their own liquid, then take them out and cut them up small. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, and stir in gradually two tablespoonfuls of flour. Next stir in a cup and a half of milk and the oyster liquor, and season with salt, pepper, half a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, and one tablespoonful of grated cheese. Let it boil until it begins to thicken. Poach six eggs, and lay on rounds of toast in a shallow baking-dish. Pour the sauce over them, sprinkling a little grated cheese on the top, and put the dish in a hot oven for a few minutes.

Eggs Maigre

Pick 1 lb. of spinach, wash it well, and cook in a very little water with salt and a pinch of soda. When quite tender drain and pass through a sieve. Butter four scallop shells, and put a layer of spinach in each one and on it a neatly poached egg. Cover them with a rich white sauce, and sprinkle the top thickly with grated cheese. Put the shells into the oven till the cheese is slightly brown, and serve immediately.

Egg Cutlets (a Breakfast or Supper Dish)

Boil three eggs twelve minutes; and put in cold water. When cool remove the shells, dry with flour, cover each with sausage meat, then egg and breadcrumbs. Fry in boiling fat till brown. Cut in halves and serve. Serve hot or cold—if the latter, with a salad.

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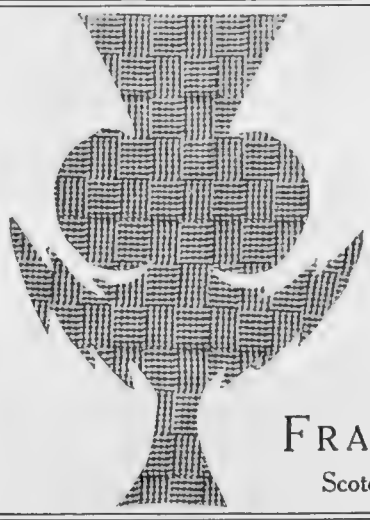

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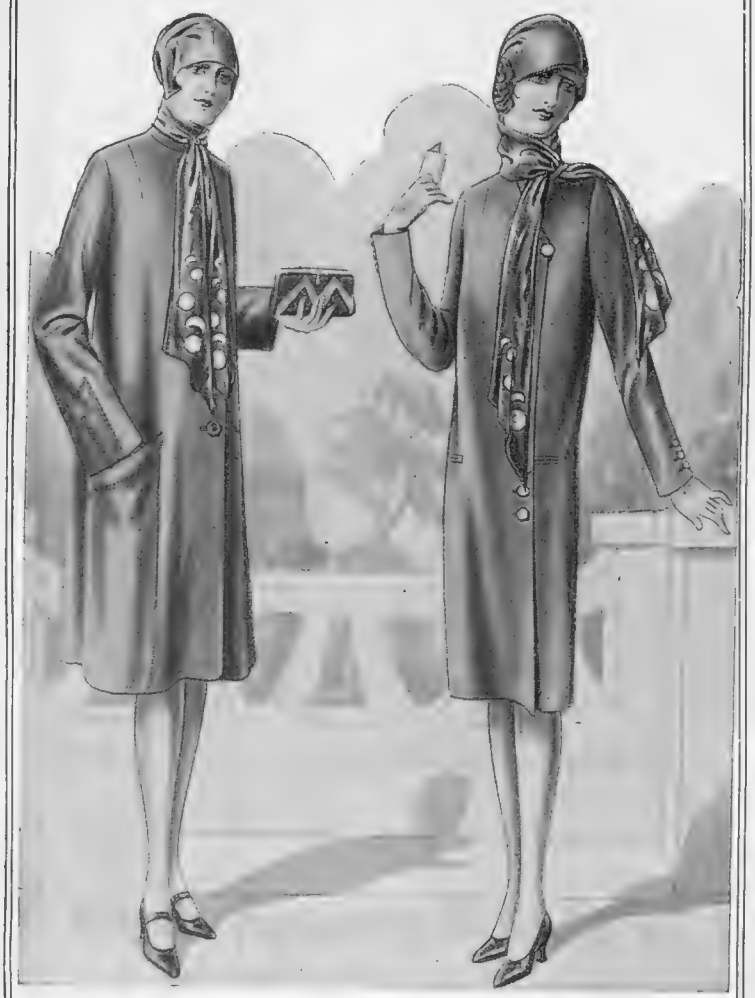

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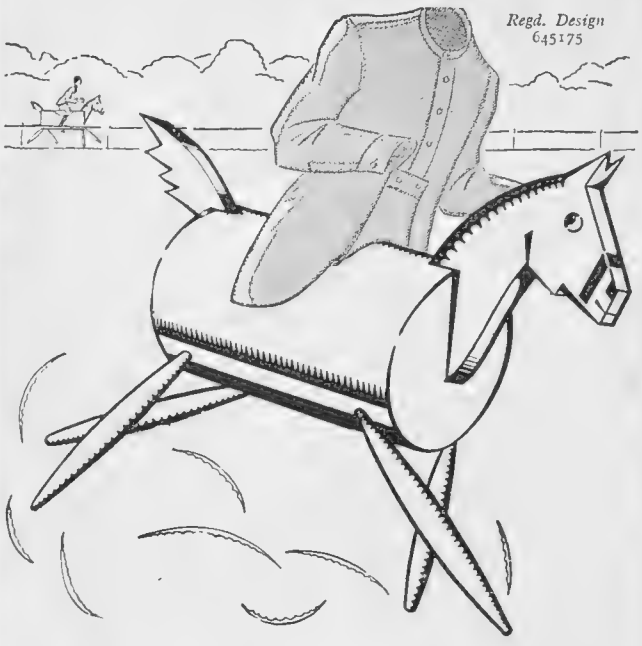

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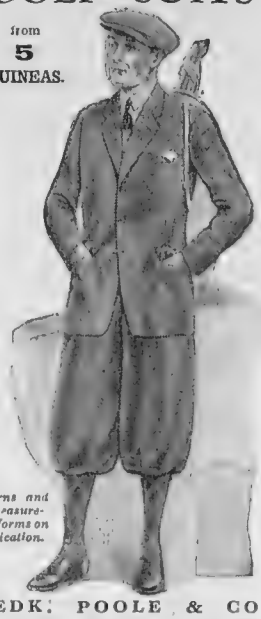

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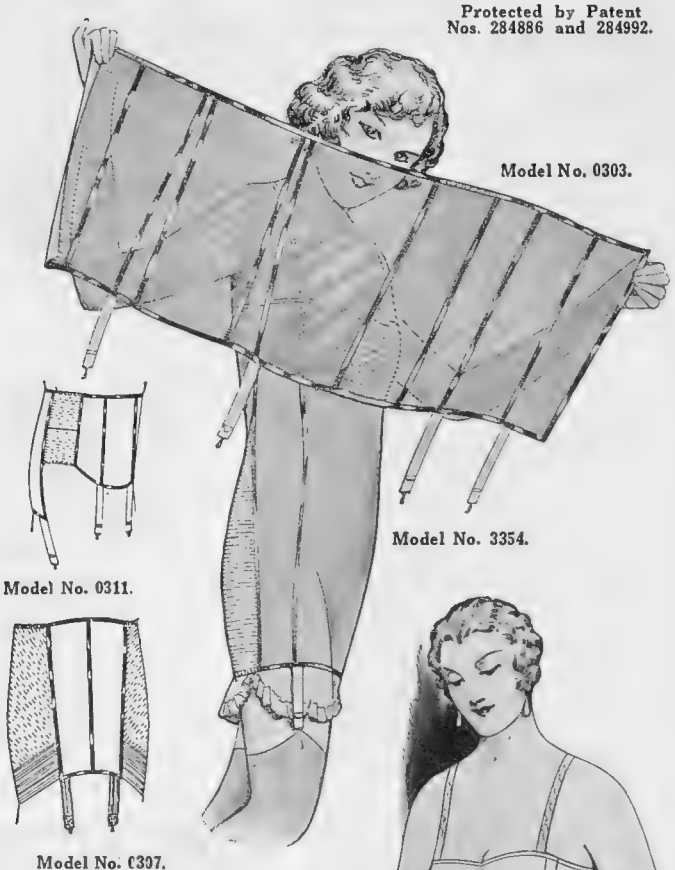

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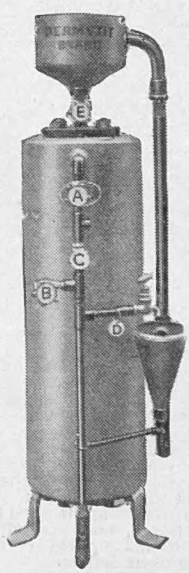

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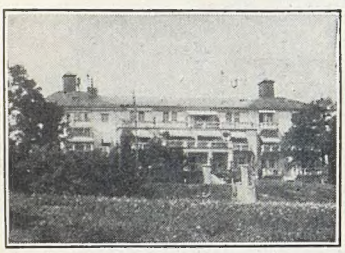

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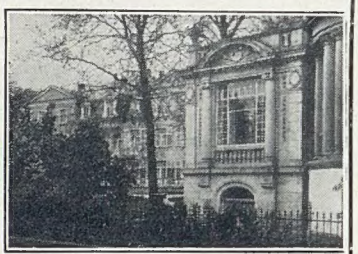

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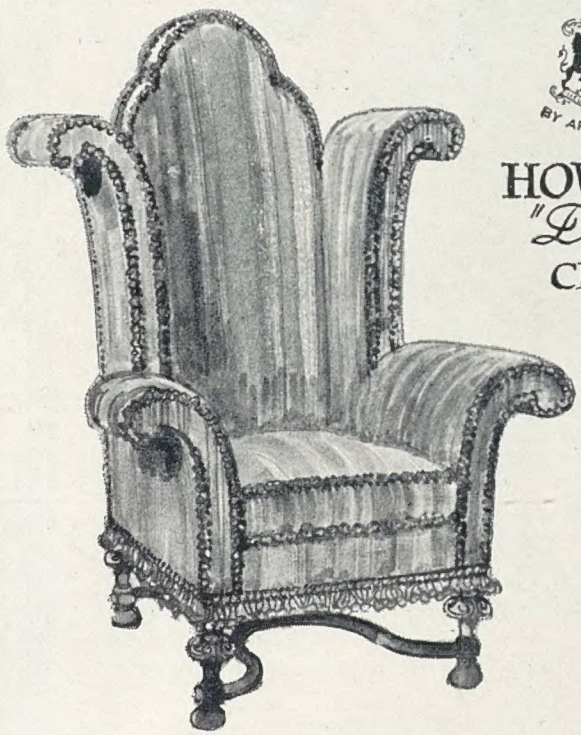

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